

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
[General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

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THE TRUANT BUOY

"I sink with the ebb and rise with the tide,
Around my circle perpetually glide;
For my foot in the rock securely cemented,
Has all past endeavors of escape prevented;
But the storm, I feel, has loosened my socket,
And with the next wave I shall spring like a rocket,
Up from my prison. Now a tug to the lee—
Another pull—there! thank Heaven, I'm free!"

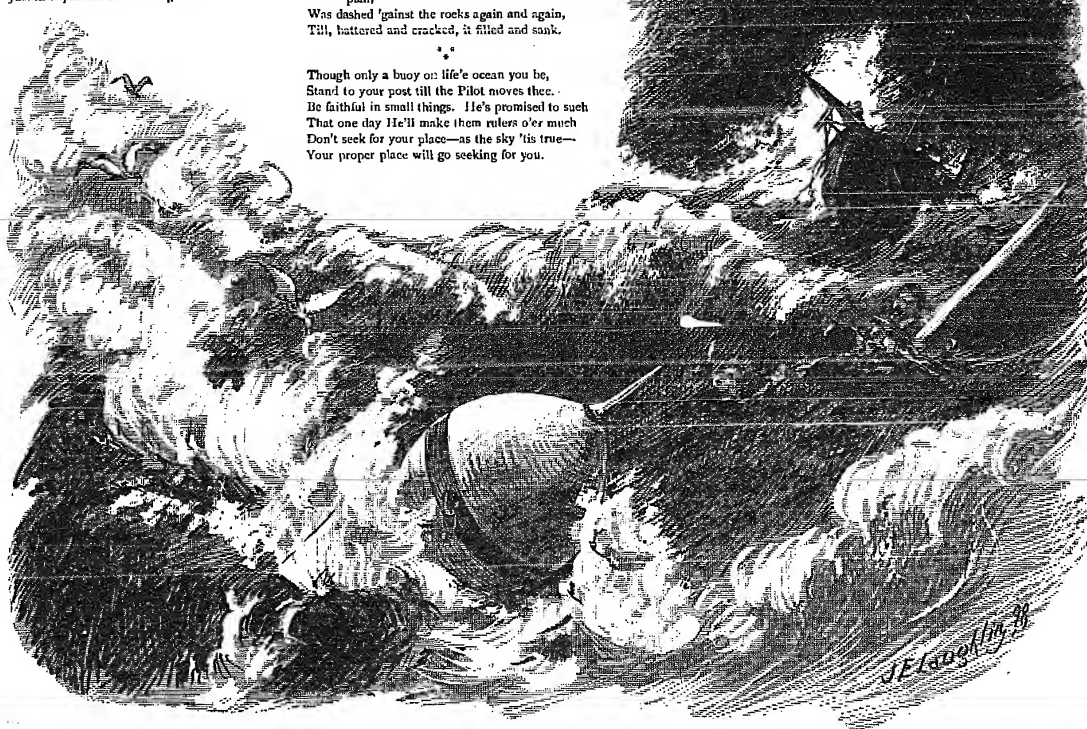
So speaking, a brightly painted buoy
Flung itself toward the wide ocean with joy.
"Oh! this is freedom!—I can go where I wish;
I can float with the billows and play with the fish."

Soon the tide returned. Each foam-mounted wave
Drove back our buoy, though it struggled hrave
Against their force, which landward it lifted.
Just as it past its old mooring drifted

It noticed a ship—stiff blew the gale—
The buoy saw the danger, and, turning pale,
Entreated the waves to be returned
To its post of duty. The billows spurned
With brutal laughter the prayer of the buoy,
Still driving it shoreward with fiendish joy.

The buoy was sighted by the ship,
Which never before had made this trip.
It kept the distance the guide-book directed,
Seaward the buoy, no danger suspected.
So it struck the reef by the buoy marked so long—
The steamer shook like a giant strong
Whom the piercing sword dealt the deadly blow.
Wild hissed the breakers—the vessel sank low—
And praying women and cursing men
Went down to death—three score and ten.
But the truant buoy, trembling with anguish and
pain,
Was dashed 'gainst the rocks again and again,
Till, battered and cracked, it filled and sank.

Though only a buoy on life's ocean you be,
Stand to your post till the Pilot moves thee.
Be faithful in small things. He's promised to such
That one day He'll make them rulers o'er much
Don't seek for your place—as the sky 'tis true—
Your proper place will go seeking for you.



HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

SAMUEL'S INTEGRITY.

I Samuel xii. 1-25.

INTEGRITY is a long word, and its meaning will be better explained by the words "honesty" and "uprightness."

Samuel's Uprightness.

It was in no boasting spirit that Samuel declared the uprightness of his dealings with the Children of Israel. His was a wonderful testimony to be able to give—no unjust deed, no unkind oppression, nothing unfaithful in waiting or reproach. And the people who had, as Samuel said, known him all the days of his life, from very childhood, were able to answer as with one voice, that the declaration was altogether true. How blest a people to have such a leader given them by God.

He Shows God's Former Dealings.

But Samuel did not stop when he had declared his own faithfulness. He led the people quickly back through the long years of pilgrimage, to show them that whoever had been their earthly leader it had been the Lord Himself who had been their Guide and Protector. He showed them how their forefathers had been punished, and then with his usual faithfulness he brought them up to the sin of their day—this had murmuring for king, when the Lord of Hosts was their King.

A Chance of Better Things.

Samuel showed them, however, that in the abundant mercy of God, that although they had done so wrong, that they might yet please the Lord and be happy and prosperous. If they did well, both they and their king should do well, but if not the Lord would be against them, as He had often had to be for a time against their wavering forefathers. The way to true prosperity was by obedience to God, and righteously living before Him.

God's Seal to Samuel's Sermon.

The Lord gave Samuel a sign that what he said was true, and performed a miracle as a seal to His truth, of which Samuel was but the mouthpiece. Thunder in harvest time was a very terrible and unusual thing, and the Children of Israel were terrified into contrition. They saw their wrong. It is always a good thing when children see their wrong, but it is even better to acknowledge and confess it, because then it shall be forgiven.

Samuel Comforts the People.

Then Samuel, when he saw their true sorrow, comforted them. What a deep heart of love the Prophet had, despite the sad truths he often had to speak when the people's conduct demanded the judgment of God. His tender words sound very different to his stern utterances but a short time before. He assures them that his own prayers shall not cease to be offered on their behalf, and that he will do all in his power to teach and guide them. What a different spirit Samuel might have showed had he been selfish and refused to have anything more to do with the people because he was no longer their only earthly ruler! But his faithfulness does not decrease, and, while he reminds them of the love and care of God, he adds as a final word of caution for them to take care that they did not displease Him again. How truly is sin the cause of sorrow, no matter how little the wrong may appear to be, it always carries with it bitterness, darkness, and if not forgiven, death. God's interest in and love for those who serve Him never changes. Jesus said not even a sparrow should fall to the ground without His notice. Let us love, serve and trust our Heavenly Father more and more.

QUESTIONS.

1. What does integrity mean?
2. What wonderful testimony did Samuel give?
3. Why were the people specially able to judge whether all he said was true?
4. What lesson did Samuel teach the Children of Israel from God's former dealings with them?
5. What was the miracle which God sent as a seal upon Samuel's words?
6. What change took place in the prophet's manner when he saw the people really sorry?

MEMORY TEXT.

"Serve the Lord with all your heart."

No eye but thine may see;
Oh, hear my cry for succor,
Come thou, and fight for me!
The yearning of the earth-life
Is stronger than my strength;
When may the spell be broken,
And freedom come at length?
"Thy strength is all in leaning
On One who fights for thee;
Thine is the helpless clinging,
And mine the victory."

—Hetty Bowman.



By ARTHUR BOOTE-OLIMBORN, Comptroller.

PART I.

HOLINESS: WHAT IT IS.

I.

The Passion of the Stars and Planets.

GREAT stars of light, great worlds of space,
Who ever move at awful pace
Through night's deep black and day's fair blue,
Can we no lesson learn from you?
What is your secret? Say, oh, say,
What must'ring passion you obey!

II.

The Peace and Speed and Power of Faith which Worketh by Love.

NO home, no hearth, no rest have ye,
Nearing away through heav'n's abyss
Your green fields bathed in peacefulness,
So can my soul, with upward sweep,
Serenely its inward landscapes keep.
You walk the ether of the skies
Like Apostolic Medesies;
You never tremble, but or shrink;
You never doubt, or fear, or sink.
So can my soul, by faith set free,
The "waters" walk, O God, with Thee.

Afloat aloft, of sight deprived,
Without support from "earth" derived,
With naught to aid you in your course,
Yet have ye a stupendous force!
So can my soul, without one stay,
Be strong in God, for man, each day.

An awful silence round you reigns;
No voice, no sound, no cheering strains
Are wafted o'er that desert drear;
No zephyr whispers, "God is near!"
Thus, dead to feeling, deaf to sound,
In faith, by love, I'm onward bound.

Progress is your imperious law,
Forward I've to go unchecked by awe,
Though reckless seems to "earth" your flight
Through unknown regions of the night,
Or through the wilderness of night,
Toward "the unseen" which lies before.

And while in God my armament,
My all unseen environment,
I onward speed, oh, thought sublime—
Like you I keep appointed time,
Each day, each hour, in His sweet will;
Thus love shall all His law fulfil.

III.

Consider the Planets.

CONSIDER us," you seem to say,
"We toil not, strive not—we obey."
We take no thought, but yield our all
At some great power's mysterious call.
And thus by full surrender, I
Unite with God my destiny.

IV.

The Boundless, Unfathomable, and Infinite Character of Love.

THAT passion which devours you,
As you devour that void of blue,
Ever pursue your headlong flight,
How like the passion of my soul
Which has the Living God for goal!

You seem to wish to fathom space;
You sink and sink in its embrace,
As if its very depths to sound,
Or measure to its utmost bound;
But vain is sounding-line or rod,
'Tis boundless as the grace of God.

Yet naught can cure your craving's pain:
Ye drink up space and drink again;
And naught can stop you in your quest
Of deeper depths of loss and rest.
So my soul hungers, at all cost,
To sink in God and thus be lost.

V.

Love Is Careful for Nothing.

THERE is no South, there is no North
Where ye go ever sailing forth;
You have no compass on that deep,
You have no aim time to keep;
Thus God alone is longitude
For my soul's bark—and latitude.

Though sailing ever on—away . . .
Your trackless path is new each day;
You never, never pass again
The same spot on that mighty main.

Thus does my soul its course pursue;
Each hourly providence is new.

VI.

Love Seeketh not its own.

NO power to choose your course have you,
Your sky is all alike in hue;
A blue vault spans from pole to pole,
One even, undivided whole,
No seam in God's robe can I see,
His will is all alike to me.

And if in trial, black as night—
Some inward or some outward fight—
My way should lie; or if through joy
Like that blue sky, without alloy;
Kept from elation and despair,
I rove—for God is everywhere.

When all our heav'n's are shining blue,
And daylight pours its floods anew
Displaying our prosperity,
We joy with love's sobriety,
Remembering that, in delight,
We see not others as in night.

For when our world in darkness lies,
Comrades appear in all our skies;
Then lost in self-forgetfulness,
We glory in their faithfulness;
And love and wonder fix our gaze
On brothers in that starry maze.
(To be Continued.)

EYELETS
ARRANGED IN PAIRS.

"The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose hearts are perfect toward Him."

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof."

"A gift doth blind the eyes of the wise, and pervert the words of the righteous."

"He kept him (Jacob) as the apple of His eye."

"O King, the eyes of all Israel are upon thee."

David prayed to God "That Thine eyes may be open towards this house night and day."

TRIOLETS

Flucked in bunches for use on Various Occasions.

IN SICKNESS.

Remember Christ can heal,
Have patience to lie still in bed.
Have sense, if you have a doctor,
to follow his advice.

IN HEALTH.

Take physical exercise,
Be sensible in your diet,
Wear seasonable clothing.

IN POVERTY.

Practice economy,
Work hard,
Have faith in God.

IN WEALTH.

Remember you are God's steward,
Give judiciously and freely,
Seek after humility.

IN DISCOURAGEMENT.

Remember Gethsemane with its bloody sweat,
Picture Calvary's bleeding sacrifice,
Look for the Pentecostal fire.

IN SUCCESS.

In all things give thanks,
Use the fruits of your success wisely,
Remain humble, giving God the glory.

Blaming others is a poor way to justify yourself.

RADIANT RAYS.

You are a light already

We have said so, but your rays do not extend far, the illuminating power is low.

A single soldier should light up his home—I don't care how big the house, or how large the family, or what the position occupied in it, if it be that of scullery-maid or shoemaker.

One soldier should light up the factory in which he works—I don't care how many workmen be in it, or how many human employes—he should be talked about, believed in, loved or hated, persecuted or persecuted, by everybody there.

One soldier should light up his corps, its marches and meetings, whatever his rank may be, or whether he has any rank at all. But to do this only a

Furnace-Flame will Suffer.

No rushlight business, no delicate, timid, half-afraid-of-offending flame make you such a light in your generation as will do this. Nothing less than a heart on fire. You must seek it, my comrades. You must seek it definitely and you shall find it, and the world will see and feel the results.

—The General.

RESCUE REFRAINS.

"One emigrant is worth \$1000 to the State." If this is true, the 72 per cent satisfactory cases told of here to-night by Mrs. Read are worth \$72,000 to the State. The Government should assist the work financially if only on economic principles." Dr. Stockton, M. P. F., at Queen's Square Church, St. John, N. E.

Newfoundland Rescue Home has done good work of reclamation. Since the opening four years ago 98 girls have passed through the Home.

"When we hear of the work being accomplished by this gentle delicate woman, Mrs. Read, and her co-workers it makes us ashamed of our Christian profession and practice. Mr. Turbott, Chairman, Social meeting, Sydney, C. B.

"Let us forget our party lines and denominational differences, and shoulder to shoulder face all the powers of evil, and conquer them for God." Rev. Mr. James, British Hall, St. John's, Nfld.

"I believe in this Rescue work for many reasons. One it is well managed." Dr. Kendall, St. John's, Nfld.

A religious sinner is worse than a wicked sinner.

her Christ can heal.
attention to the still in bed.
ness, it you have a doctor,
follow his advice.

physical exercise.
sible in your diet.
seasonable clothing.

o economy.
ath in God.

her you are God's steward,
delicately and freely,
ter humility.

EMENT.
her Gethsemane with its
ly sweat.
Calvary's bleeding sweat.

or the Pentecostal fire.

things give thanks.
the fruits of your success
ly.

humble, giving God the
ers is a poor way to
f.

man to and fro throughout
show yourself strong as
chult?

ok faithfully at the things
is you are pleasant?

intended by personal favors
to be gained?

the Lord will keep you
are towards Him con-

the eyes of your town are

God's eye to see all you
know night and day?
Soph.

THE REFRAINS.

nt is worth \$1,000 to the
is the true, the 25 per cent.
es told of here tonight
moer one day; "she's been gone some
time now, and she'll surely have got
tired of the Army by now." And so, after
due correspondence upon the matter, one
day Hattie was found on her way to a
certain corps in a rough part of London
at which Evelyn, then only seventeen,
was Captain in charge.

On the way there Hattie was queering
to herself what the Army quarters would
be like, and how her sister Evelyn, whose
charming face and figure it had always
been a delight to see off with a lady's hat
and habit in the golden day, would look
in the sober blue of the Army and the
halloish bonnet.

Hattie found her sister at the hall,
just ready to conduct the meeting. The
congregation was chiefly made up of
London roughs—Godless, careless, vil-
lipped fellows, soaked in sin and ready
for almost any kind of dare-devil tricks.

Hattie, of course, as became a person
in her walk of life, was fashionably at-
tired in a black satin dress of the latest
style.

As she swept up the aisle of the little
Army barracks, lifting her skirt to avoid
disturbance from the tobacco smoke with
which the roughs were wont to adorn
the barracks floor, she presented one of
the most remarkable contrasts to her
surroundings that the mind could well
conceive.

DAWSON CITY SHELLED.

First Engagement in the City of Tents.

A MINISTER SAVED FROM DROWNING BY THE EXPEDITION.

GLAD to see you," was the welcome greeting which came from the lips of a man in the midst of a group of people, who had been watching our approach, as we set our feet for the first time in Dawson City, and this was not the only one, but a multitude of similar expressions reached our ears, frequently being gripped by the hand as we pressed our way through the dense crowds, running excitedly in opposite directions along what might be termed the main street of that city, which truly

"Sprang up in a Night."

and whose fame has now spread to the uttermost parts of the globe. We could hardly believe at last we were in the centre of that region where gold has apparently been hidden for ages in the lonely mountains, creeks and rivers, now suddenly appearing in superabundance in most unlikely spots, making poor men wealthy, rich men richer, and has seemingly had the additional power of making many poor men the poorer, and sad, restless souls the more so.

At the present moment it is estimated in Dawson and Klondike City there is between fifteen and twenty thousand people. The city stretches a couple of miles, and is situated at the foot of the mountain. The main thoroughfare is blocked, and it is with great difficulty one can get to and fro. The post office facilities are inadequate to cope with the tremendous rush for mail. Prices are fairly high. For the most part gold dust is used as currency.

But I must come back and speak a little of our long journey down the river from Bennett, where I last wrote you. Truly "goodness and mercy has followed us."

Rowing Ceases to be a Novelty

or luxury after one has pulled 548 miles. This distance we covered in thirteen days. As will be supposed, it has taken no small faith in God, skill and presence of mind to shoot the rapids, steer clear of the numerous rocks and sandbars, as the stream has carried us along, at times, with terrific force.

We thought we had completed nearly all our thrilling experiences, having passed in safety the much-dreaded canons and rapids, when just rounding a sharp turn on Thirty Mile Creek, there suddenly appeared right in front of us,

A Man Clinging for His Life

to a rock nearly in mid-stream. Men were excitedly standing on the bank. The moment they saw us, huckered and

shouted for assistance. Our boats were hurriedly put to shore, and in a few moments we had a rope within his reach, when seemingly another catastrophe was to take place. A boat came rushing madly down the stream above us and a few seconds more was within a few inches of the dreaded rock. All shouted, as the second vessel thus so nearly came to doom, for the man to catch the ear of the boat, which happily the minister did (for we afterwards discovered he was one) and was saved, but one of the crew of four had been drowned, the rest barely escaping with their lives, losing all their effects. Wrecks were strewn all along the shore. We were told casualties occur daily at this point.

Last night we were at supper, a traveler passed by our tent; he stopped a moment or two to speak with us. Knew the Army well. Had been prospecting. Had seen, he said, some mines producing \$1,000 per day. Another prospector had secured near by where we were camped, a mine bringing him \$200 to \$300 per day. But there is another side to it, not seemingly. His will for ALL men to be rich. Hundreds turn their faces homeward as soon as they arrive. Others stay only to eke out an existence, and if possible return later to their homes with all their fond hopes crushed.

Saturday night, June 25th, '98, we opened fire on Dawson City. I would roughly estimate there was a thousand people standing around that open-air ring. We felt right at home. They clapped and cheered and did all they could to assure and reassure us we were welcome, and a beautiful sacred influence pervaded the whole meeting. Tears trickled down the eyes of many and when we told them it was for their good and well-being alone we had come their appreciative expressions were very evident. Some kind friend in Dawson said, "And how are you going to take up a collection?" The Salvation Army was equal to the occasion and we wound up this important function with

\$41 50 in Gold Dust and Nuggets.

and the remaining \$23.50 in bills and silver. The people were good to us and no mistake. There is no need of our requiring civil protection, but Major Walsh has been most friendly, and is seemingly anxious for our property and well-being. But what shall I say of our Sunday night meeting. I am afraid I have already used up my limited stock of adjectives. Well, I will state the facts and you can draw your own conclusion. Imagine the street blocked and as far as you could see eager faces, numbering, I should judge

Two Thousand People.

Never was such a host of eager listeners congregated. The meeting went with a swing, conviction was marked, tears flowed freely. The Adjutant as well as the rest of the officers excelled themselves and were truly inspired. Our offering in nuggets and gold came to \$55.25 and cash \$25.50, totalling \$80.75 for the two meetings. A man has promised to do his best to get us a large quantity of logs for a barracks. We are enlisting soldiers straight off. Our faith is away up. Have two or three names already.



of the meeting, and Hattie replied a trifle strongly on the same strain as the last thought we quoted.

She spoke disparagingly to Evelyn of the coarse, rough people she was associating with, and she felt shocked because she was sure her sister would degenerate into the same kind of creature—rough and uncouth.

Whatever could she be thinking of, she enquired, throwing her life away amongst such people as these.

Evelyn said, "Well, Hattie, I know exactly where you are in your thought about me and my work, but after your letter I did expect you would be a little further advanced than you are. You know, dear, we ought to consider the circumstances surrounding these people: they have been born in this kind of life, they've never known anything but ignorance, sin, and in many cases crime. It is sad indeed, to think that unless they become saved their circumstances will be just the same all through this life, and then they will be lost in the world to come. Somebody must get down to them if they are to be saved, and you

know, dear, the Lord Jesus left His heaven to come down to earth and die for us, and it must be right for us to follow in His footsteps."

Hattie was silenced. She had left home confident that she would induce Evelyn to return home, because she had always had such a great influence over her, but she found herself unable, consequently, to try to induce Evelyn to leave her work after the way she had been talked to, so after spending a night at the quarters, which, by the way, with its neat, clean furniture, and texts around the walls, she very much liked, she returned back home alone, to find a less pleasant reception than she anticipated when leaving, owing to the non-success of her mission.

However, Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast were still of opinion that Evelyn could be induced to return, and accordingly made up their minds that they themselves would visit her, and if it was within the range of possibility at all would bring her home. Hattie wrote Evelyn her parents' decision.

CHAPTER VIII.

THIS day before Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast were due to arrive at the quarters, Evelyn and her Lieutenant gave themselves to prayer, and the blessed Lord who had brought His young disciple through persecution and hardship, and every previous obstacle which was raised against her in her walk with God, crowned her self-sacrifice and devotion to Him and His cause in a way which at one time could not have been dreamed of.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit," and thus it was with Mrs. Steadfast.

Diminished, serene, prepared to titillate to her daughter in matters of confidence as much now as ever, and resolved to carry out her purpose to bring Evelyn home, Mrs. Steadfast, in company with Mr. Steadfast, made her way to the little Army quarters at the appointed time.

Wistly and warily, as she thought, she began the attack.

But Evelyn could talk too, and more over, God was in Evelyn's talking.

Instead of gaining the victory over her daughter's "condemnable scruples" as she anticipated, Mrs. Steadfast found herself pressed hard by those profound truths which have made many a heathen spirit since Felix's day tremble, backed up by the illuminated face of her own daughter, whose conduct she could no longer attribute to "mistaken zeal" or "fanaticism," or "her obstinacy."

The foundations of her pride were shaken.

Her lips quivered, her cheeks blanched. Evelyn saw that the depths of her mother's spirit were being torn up and fell upon her knees in passionate entreaty to her Heavenly Father. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Steadfast were on their knees by Evelyn's side.

Then came Mrs. Steadfast's turn to pray.

Like Saul, she was transformed as with a flash of the Heavenly Light.

With tears and prayers for forgiveness she acknowledged her great wrong, and entered into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

This was Evelyn's victory—the crowning triumph of her life.

After that she went forwards following the Master, and has been instrumental in His hands of winning hundreds of souls to Jesus. A full sheaf awaits her at the great Harvest Home.

Hattie also had a victory; but that is another story, nevertheless we will tell it in brief. She had persecuted her sister, she had to reap what she had sown.

Following the light meant to her feeling, to a considerable extent, the same ridicule and persecution Evelyn had so bravely encountered. Although, of course, the home life was changed with Mrs. Steadfast's conversion; but Hattie, to follow the Lord fully, had to go so far as to dispose of an excellent business which she had acquired, dismiss her assistants and apprentices, who worked under her guidance, and herself enter training, becoming eventually, like Evelyn, a Salvation Army Captain, too.

FINIS.

EVELYN'S VICTORY.

By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

I THINK it would be a good thing if you were to go to London and use your persuasive talent to induce Evelyn to come home," said Hattie's mother one day; "she's been gone some time now, and she'll surely have got tired of the Army by now." And so, after due correspondence upon the matter, one day Hattie was found on her way to a certain corps in a rough part of London at which Evelyn, then only seventeen, was Captain in charge.

On the way there Hattie was queering to herself what the Army quarters would be like, and how her sister Evelyn, whose charming face and figure it had always been a delight to see off with a lady's hat and habit in the golden day, would look in the sober blue of the Army and the halloish bonnet.

Hattie found her sister at the hall, just ready to conduct the meeting. The congregation was chiefly made up of London roughs—Godless, careless, vil-lipped fellows, soaked in sin and ready for almost any kind of dare-devil tricks.

Hattie, of course, as became a person in her walk of life, was fashionably attired in a black satin dress of the latest style.

As she swept up the aisle of the little Army barracks, lifting her skirt to avoid disturbance from the tobacco smoke with which the roughs were wont to adorn the barracks floor, she presented one of the most remarkable contrasts to her surroundings that the mind could well conceive.

The irreverent roughs were loud in their coarse personal remarks about the high-toned specimen of humanity, who had suddenly appeared among them, like a bird of Paradise flapping down on a heap of elders, and Hattie felt her dignity very much upset by their rude remarks; however, for Evelyn's sake she sat through the meeting and endured the agony.

The most striking part of the meeting to her was the testimony of a man who had had a villainous face, and who, although now transformed by Divine grace, still bore the marks of having been a most tremendous stronghold for the powers of darkness.

This man explained that he had been the torment of every officer who had been stationed at that corps. He was an adept at upsetting meetings, and moreover, he was so weighty and muscular that it was not the nicest kind of work to attempt his ejectment.

He said that when he first saw Captain Steadfast, he thought he would play up his old tricks at a great rate, seeing she was such a young girl, and wouldn't have the same control as some of the older Captains had had, but he found he was mistaken. Whenever he commenced his capers he would catch the eye of Captain Steadfast, and her look possessed such a power over him that he was awed into quietness.

He rejoiced that he had now found the Saviour, and was devoting his energies to pushing the sales of the War Cry.

"Oh, you great rough brute, you are not worth saving, anyhow," was the wretched thought which arose in Hattie's perturbed mind.

She could with difficulty feet pleasant towards anybody there, after the insults she had endured.

On the way to the quarters afterwards, Evelyn asked Hattie what she thought

WHAT R U GOING 2 DO 4 HARVEST FESTIVAL ?

A GIGANTIC BIRTHDAY PARTY.

TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE PRESENT.

Our Thirty-Third Anniversary in London.



better than give extracts of the London report below.

GREASED-LIGHTNING PROGRAM.

The program was what Americans would call "a greased-lightning one." There were in all twenty-four leading events, the most powerful being the Juniors' Review, the General's forcible address in the Central Hall, the Presentation of Colors by the Provincial Officers, the Juniors' Festival, the General's Holiness and Salvation Meetings, the Open-Air Meetings, with the penitential form in striking evidence, the Musical and Singing Festivals, and the gathering of Corps Cadets under the Chief-of-the-Staff.

"GOD DIRECTS US"

This bold declaration emblazoned the colossal flag which Commissioner Cooch undurled at ten in the morning. This ceremony signified the opening of the Palace, and was very picturesque. A spirit of reverence thrilled the company, and, to the strains of the Cadets' Band, they fell into fours and marched to the Dedication Assembly. This was held in the Central Hall, where again the same spirit grew in beautiful spiritual intensity.

With prayer, the network of Salvation sights within and without, the Palace was declared officially opened.

THE JUNIORS' REVIEW.

Really, the first event of the day, however, was the brilliant review of the Juniors by the General. Accompanied by the Chief-of-the-Staff, Mrs. Booth, and his aides-de-camp, the General took up a position on the steps of the Main Terrace. The Juniors marched past the General, in four divisions, to the music of the I. H. Q. and their own brass and reed bands. It was a most interesting review, characterized by a continuous flow of dazzling color and cheer; and for nearly twenty minutes the General bowed and smiled to his coming Army, absorbing, with keen interest, the various taunts and mottoes, the marked advance in uniform and the improvement of the officers. The Corps Cadets were a specialty in line, and when they right-shouldered, saluted their Father-General, re-whipped again, and then stepped forward, they evoked a spontaneous cheer from the immense crowd that witnessed the display.

SALUTING THE GENERAL.

Then came the Sentinels' turn. In the Central Hall—filled from end to end with the very core of London Salvationism, and a platform of leaders, all eagerly waiting for the General's anniversary address. The General's thoughtful review of the past and charge for the future was a rich piece of concentrated wisdom, and he told us, we should think, the majority present.

THE GENERAL'S HOLINESS MEETING.

From the heat of the Terrace to the coolness of the Theatre was a welcome change.

The audience gave the honored veteran of the day a warm greeting, and from the first moment both he and they were on terms of perfect acquaintance.

The General, in his prayer, remarked, "O God, our minds were made up to that long, long ago, and we have never repented of it. But what a many there are here who have failed, and to whom the devil has whispered this morning. It is no use your."

Spelling Your Day at the A. F.

by getting into controversy again about a clean heart and a holy life. Do the best you can and enjoy yourself. O God, the Holy Ghost, do you come and show them that the only way to rejoice evermore is by walking with God in white and keeping their garments unstained from the world." A reason is, you put the "Amen" to this practical petition.

A more important topic than "The Religion of 'I've-been' give'd the General could no have been given him. "I will

do the best I can with the talking," he added; "don't be afraid—I'm not going to break down or make a fool of myself—(volley)—but I want you to take the responsibility of your own share in these proceedings."

If undivided and intelligent attention count for much, the congregation were prepared to obey their Leader's injunction. Not only did the General talk with

Wonderful Freedom and Directness.

but in a way that is known amongst us as "heart to heart."

Bringing Paul—that "little afflicted, but brave, blessed Paul"—vividly to the front, the General rehearsed his famous affirmation: "I can do all things." This "tall speech" he set up against the lamentable whining so common with sinners, backslider and saint. "I know I can't, but I can't let myself be shattered this and all similar excuses for neglected duties and stained lives. What Paul did—left all—suffered all, suffered all, lived untroubled from the world, and died for the Christ he served—we can do, if we possess the same power.

Here a shrewd injunction: "What a lot of people there are who begin to run, and run wonderfully well at the start! Like me—I am a wonderful walker for the first three minutes! Then I begin to get tired, and want to sit down! Get out of the way—I am coming!" about they all began the Heavenly race; but little was on you'll find them sitting in an easy chair!" (Laughter.)

"Now for the most important event in your history! You have lost a day's wages to come here; but you will be well repaid if you get into the arms of Jesus and obtain His Divine power. The penitential form is here—and," added the General enthusiastically—"if ever I am invited to preach before the Queen I shall want a penitential form!" (Volleys.) Colonel Lawley's was the favored and agreeable task of seconding his General's appeal, and, in all, twenty-five men and women claimed Paul's power.

A SALVATION CIRCUS.

A wooden hall, with a canvas covering, a comfortable platform and seat accommodation for the wandering person—this describes the travelling circus near the east side of the Palace entrance. As a side show of the day it was a great attraction. Some idea of the variety of our circus party may be gleaned from the following:

A notorious ex-drunk, the converted runaway, the police to note the fact, the national Staff Singers, the Salvation gramophone, Florence Worth the converted actress, Salvation minstrels, a deaf-and-dumb sketcher, etc.

A charge of one penny for admission was made, in conformity with the circus idea.

THE JUNIORS' FESTIVAL.

The Juniors' Festival in the Central Hall, presided over by the Chief-of-the-Staff, was a decided and unqualified success from beginning to end. The singing was very good; the signal flag drill, the sleigh-bells, action songs, and new tambourine drill were the admiration of all beholders, who clapped and cheered the small performers to the echo.

But these were small items when compared with "The Transformation Scene" and "The Baby—What It Will Become." After the "Sleigh Bells" there filed slowly in ten girls, robed from neck to heels in black-satin, uncompromising black. They stood side by side facing the audience.

"His Blood can make the vilest clean," rang out the band, and the children sang it in their sweet, pure voices. Slowly the ten little black-robed girls sank on their knees, and—lo! as the band rang out, "His Blood avails for me!" they rose, clothed from head to foot in white.

The song emerged into "My sins, my sins are under the Blood," and from that into

"He makes me worthy thro' His Blood, To walk with Him in white."

and well, as could hardly know how it came in, but the warlet had disappeared, and the little maidens stood robed in spotless white.

The evolution of the "Baby" was conducted without a hitch. He came on the platform in his nurse's arms, fair and innocent. After him, from either side,

came two boys—one ill-dressed reading a penny horrible; the other in red jersey and cap, reading a Young Soldier. These were followed in quick succession by a racing, betting young man, and an Army bandsman. Next a policeman ushered in two jail-birds, and next them came an Army band. No sooner had they taken their places than a ragged, poverty-stricken family, headed by a father with a black eye and cut face, followed on and faced the audience, while from the other wing filed a Field Officer and his flock of happy, tidy little ones. The contrast was a marked one. No words were needed to point that moral.

Solemnly the strains of the Funeral March sounded down the immense hall. Up the steps came a clergyman, in white surplice, followed by two prison warders, leading a poor wretch, plaited for the gallows. From the other side following close the band, came a red-rumped coffin. Side by side the two living pictures stood, while over and around all floated the plaintive strains of the Funeral March. Then, in a moment, the music—and we came away feeling that somewhere, or other, in that vast audience, an impression had been made for eternity.

CORPS CADETS.

A big crowd of happy Corps Cadets gathered at one o'clock in the shade of a long tent, whose seats stood more or less steadily on the cool, green grass. The South-Western Guards' Band had no sooner begun a tune than Lieutenant-Colonel Keetch blew his whistle, and the Chief entered, accompanied by Mrs. Booth, Commissioners Pollard and Cadman.

A ringing valley rose to the low roof and came down again on the heads of the company, and the Chief looked round with a cheery, "old-fashioned" smile on his face. Young faces lifted to him.

"Everybody who is glad they're saved, say 'Amen!'" he said, and then, after Commissioner Cadman had prayed and a verse was sung, he began a little talk on the subject of "Consecration," which, in itself, was a lesson in concentration, for he condensed, into a few minutes, lessons upon these young hearts should never forget.

OPEN-AIR CAMP-MEETING.

Somewhere about one o'clock the tide of human life set in towards the grassy slopes where the General was announced to conduct a monster Open-Air Camp-Meeting. The large audience dispersed itself in front of the platform, which was constructed out of a wagon, and made gay with flags. The people, viewed from that height, seemed innumerable, and certainly several thousand must have been gathered there to welcome the General.

After the opening exercises the General plunged at once into his address. "Twenty-three years ago," he began, "the last Sunday in July, I was doing my first open-air in the East-End of London, and," surveying the interested, affectionate crowd before him, "what a change there has been since then!"

He went on to compare the Salvation Army to an ark, and prophesied great things for its future. He closed with the important questions—1. "What are you going to do in the future?" 2. "How many people are there here who once knew God and have wandered away from Him?"

Then the real business of the meeting, from the General's point of view, began, viz., the penitential form. "That," he said, "is my favorite spot, and I love to see men and women, kneeling at it, seeking pardon and cleansing."

And he was not disappointed. One by one they came until thirteen men and women proved the truth of salvation.

OPEN-AIR MUSICAL CARNIVAL.

Upon the conclusion of the General's meetings, the crowds made their way towards the great Open-Air Musical Carnival, led by Commissioner Cadman.

It was an ideal place for outdoor music. The bands occupied the centre of the cake, using the platform in connection with the mimic representation of the death of Lord Pampol. The margin of

the lake and the green slopes were thronged with happy Salvationists. The music was furnished by seven bands. In the opening piece a massive and impressive effect was obtained. The I. H. Q. Songsters, who were seated in two boats at the back of the island, waited the signal to row slowly round the front, singing, "Over life's ocean," the hands taking up the chorus.

THE ANNIVERSARY WEDDING.

The wedding of Brigadiers Powell and Sommer, which took place at half-past two in the Concert Hall, was certainly one of the events of the day. The meeting was conducted by Commissioner Howard, who was assisted by Mrs. Commissioner Nicol, Colonel Kilbey, and Brigadiers Duff, Hogard and Fowler. Members of the Foreign Office Staff, and friends of the bride and bridegroom filled the platform.

MRS. BOOTH.

In the Theatre the large audience awaited Mrs. Booth. The nurses and the heads of the Rescue Homes occupied seats on the platform. Colonel Barker introduced the Chairman, Sir Horace Tozer, late Chief Secretary for Queensland, and a great friend of the Army.

Bluff-spoken and a sailor, as befits a son of the Colonies, Sir Horace explained how, as Home Secretary for Queensland, he was enabled to see and thoroughly examine the Social Work of the Salvation Army. There were not more than fifty per cent. in the jails of Queensland compared with what there used to be before the Army took up Prison-Gate Work. (Cheers.)

Mrs. Booth, who was received, with courtesy, was in excellent health, and spoke with power. In speaking of the Women's Social Work, she laughingly corrected a false impression some Salvationists had—the impression that she was only concerned with this one great work, which, after all, was but the inner of the Salvation Army.

She rapidly sketched the rise and progress of the Women's Social Work, and pleaded, in closing, for the "forsaken mothers" and "the little children."

OUR MISSIONARY WAR.

The living pictorial scenes in the Central Hall were far too numerous to go into one by one. They were an object-lesson, representing our Missionary Work in all parts of the world.

The American party represented colored soldiers, Mexican and Chinamen. A nurse with a wounded soldier and a Red Indian in a canoe. The whole finished up with a series of lively American choruses.

South Africa went with a wild thrill, and Captain Carleton's Zulu howls and jumps were appreciated and echoed to the echo. Japan's bowing and cutting were only less amusing than the Nivul and Military Leaguers who greeted the Japanese comrades with the British handshakes that did fair to shake the Jap's bodies to pieces!

"Oh's" and "Ah's" of appreciation greeted the Continental and Spinning Wheel Scene, and the admirable band belonging to Hixton discoursed Salvation melody in the intervals. Yes, the Living Pictorial Scenes were a success!

Other representations of countries followed in quick succession.

THE SOCIAL.

Work of the Army was naturally a conspicuous feature of the celebration, and we must leave our interesting contemporary, The Social Gazette, to tell, in its own vivid way, the wonderful scenes of meetings and exhibitions held under its auspices. Just as the Junior War revealed itself in new and improved methods, so the Social, under Commissioner Cadman and Lieutenant-Colonel Richards, made a splendid advance upon its previous efforts. The various gatherings drew large crowds.

This was followed by a Brass Band Festival—a musical feast enjoyed by thousands.

GREATEST SALVATION MEETING OF THE DAY.

Supported by the Chief-of-the-Staff and Mrs. Booth, Commissioners, Colonels and other officers of high rank, the General commenced the most glorious meeting of the day, at seven o'clock in the Theatre.

The occasion was a superb one, and the Leader was divinely equipped for his position. He revealed in the opportunity of delivering once again one of those inspired addresses which brings the sinner to the verge of eternity, makes the backslider tremble, and arouses the saint to action. Then he declared for salvation on the spot, crying, "The penitential form is ready!"

The closing scene was sublime! Broken-hearted sinners marched to the front—one-five-ten-twenty-six! Number twenty-three was led out by Miss Catherine Booth (eldest daughter of the Chief-of-the-Staff). The General was in Heaven! So were we all! Hallelujah!

Harvest Festival Preludes.

Evangelical



ACTION.

PLANNING and contriving is very desirable, and never too much is done of it, but action is indispensable.

Brilliantly reflected from the sombre background of daily grind, my memory insists in mentioning the excellent triumphs achieved by my officers and soldiers during the last Harvest Festival effort—we not only pierced the very centre of the bull's eye, but our impetuous effort sent the arrow a long way beyond the Target.

Last year's success will teach you into which channels you can throw your energies with the best results; at the same time, we should also consider and study our failures.

Because we have failed along certain lines, does not of necessity prove these particular measures to be useless. Excellent method may be spoiled by wrong interpretation or faulty execution.

Diligent searching of our weak points will often suggest ways of fortification that become our strongholds in future.

Keep the idea of thanksgiving to God well to the front, to make people feel their obligation to their Maker, not only the Farmer or Rancher out of the yieldings of their fields or herds, but also the business man out of his stock should give thanks to speed on the work of our Lord.

We need not be timid in asking for contributions for His cause. Do not take refusals without protest, and the pointing out of the things accomplished with former contributions.

Remember people of the dishonest men who through the medium of the Salvation Army were made honest; of the innumerable hordes of drunkenness and want turned into homes of peace and plenty; of strayed sons and daughters returned to parents and purity; of hungry, starving, homeless crowds whom we have fed, clothed and sheltered.

"But it has been said so often," you reply. Yes, and it will never be said too often while so much sin and sorrow is tolerated by an ease-loving humanity. It is ACTION we want!

Arouse people to desperate action! As in harvest time all hands are working long and desperately to bring in the grain from the field ere a sudden rain should spoil it, so during our Harvest Festival effort, only determined and persistent action will help us to garner all the victories which this effort should rightly bring to the Army.

ON THE WATER AND UNDER IT.

The General Pilots Sweden's Thirteenth National Congress.

SPIRITUAL SHOWERS AND LITERAL DOWNPOURING—HALLLULUJAH JUBILATION—SALVATION MANOEUVRES ON LAND AND SEA.

OD bless you, General! I thank you for the good you do my country." Thus broke out a plain, hard-working man, who pressed up to the General's carriage on the Review at Soder- telge, voicing, no doubt, the sentiments of thousands of Swedes.

These Annual Conferences in Scandinavian countries occupy a very important place in the Salvation Army's operations. Officers' meetings, councils and soldiers' gatherings are, of course, regular features in various centres of the Field; but there is but one Congress in each country, and to this the officers and soldiers flock from north, south, east and west, as the Jews to Jerusalem in olden times. In this Stockholm Congress are officers who have travelled two thousand English miles to be present; and, judging by their own testimony, go back well rewarded for the sacrifice and toll of the journey.

Stockholm Railway Station occupies one side of a vast square, and on several previous occasions of the General's visit public receptions have been organized, and I have seen fifteen or twenty thousand people assembled there to greet the veteran Leader of the Salvation Army. On this occasion, however, the General was timed to arrive in the early morning, and it was decided to have no public reception at all; but with six hundred officers in the city, and a crowd of warm-hearted soldiers on hand, how could they keep from hailing the General's appearance? And there they were with the Staff Band to the front, and crowds of people who had feared of the time for the General's arrival.

It is very difficult for our readers to realize the extent of the Congress, which is the Field Day and the great manoeuvres connected with it. As an annual event, Soder telge is looked forward to with eagerness by thousands of people who buy their tickets beforehand.

There are two aspects of the great festival. There is Soder telge itself, and there is also the journey by water to Soder telge and back. The place itself is about twenty-five or thirty miles from the city, and is on account of its natural beauty, a regular resort of holiday-makers. The Army, some years ago, secured a few acres of land having beautiful trees, forming, pleasant shade for the people. Year by year the seating accommodation has been increased, until now, on a beautiful slope, six or seven thousand persons can sit or rather stand, all within reach of the eye and sound of the speaker.

Our fleet of steamboats this year was larger than ever. The Army chartered twenty-three vessels; private owners ran additional ones, besides special trains which conveyed large numbers of people. In fact, a beautiful picture when all the steamers throw off and fall into two lines ahead with

Flags and Bunting Galore.

crowds of Salvationists singing and bands playing in each boat. At the gun-signal the General's boat glides between the double line, salutes are given, volleys fired, horns blow, and altogether, jubilation prevails.

The faith and hope of the Commissioners and comrades were sorely tried at the beginning of the day by the chequer and prospect of showers. But, all the same, the people thronged the boats, until there seemed no room for any more.

How shall I describe the wonderful gatherings witnessed by the General, or the marvellous incidents connected with the meetings? The barriers and fences only answered to divide the crowd which was seated from the surrounding crowd which was standing. Within the fence, without the fence, and on the fence, the vast, but perfectly orderly and well-governed multitudes turned their faces and raised their hands and shouted their greetings as the General appeared and took command.

With the giving out of the first song, a peculiar transformation took place. The clouds came over and the rain came down heavily. Umbrellas went up, until we on the platform could see little but umbrellas! The song started the voices rowing; but the sound came from persons we could not see. Imagine, if you can,

2,500 Umbrellas Open

and all touching each other! Canvases spread out like a billowy sea! Yet we went on with the meeting, although

we began to feel that our purpose was going to be defeated.

"Pray, believe, hold on," was the cry. "Hallelujah! Victory is on the side of salvation, for, just at the moment when the General rose to commence his address, the rain ceased, the sun shone, the umbrellas dropped, and on the General went. Conviction set in, the tide of feeling rose, the invitation was given, the halting penitent form was cleared, and sixty penitents came forward before the close of that one meeting. We all praised God together.

Twice again was the vast amphitheatre crowded with an eager throng, and again at the close of the General's meeting the halting penitent form was cleared.

Between the two great meetings conducted by the General, Commissioner Oilphunt sandwiched another big event, which was a combination of a musical festival and a Juniors' demonstration, attended by between four and five thousand persons.

The singing was excellent, the bands played well; but I was delighted with the Juniors. The programme was like the C. P. on a small scale—Bible texts, with object lessons and others features which indicated that our leaders in counties outside of Great Britain are taking the Juniors' Work well in hand, and that the prospects are very encouraging.

Owing to the shortness of time, it was not possible for all the movements of the troops sent out by the Commissioners and his staff; but the assembly of the Army forces around their Divisional banners in the march past before the General was very fine.

The programme of the Congress was a full and heavy one for all concerned; and yet, from beginning to end, there was no lack of interest.

While the General is engaged in councils with officers' public meetings are going on in all special halls; so that one conscious dream of salvation influence is being poured upon the city. The Commissioners Oilphunt had the first two days of the Congress for preliminary councils with their officers.

Then came the General's councils—three sittings each day—first, with the Field Officers, then the Local Officers added, winning up with a glorious soldiers' meeting, one of the most wonderful assemblies of leaders, soldiers, saints and sinners ever held in Scandinavia.

1. The General himself says that he never had a more blessed and successful Congress.

2. The Foreign Secretary, who has been with the General on many important occasions, states he never heard the General do better, or saw the grip which he laid upon the officers and the vast audience more manifest than in this Congress, especially when the difficulties connected with translation were borne in mind.

3. The universal testimonies of Staff and Field Officers, who openly and privately say that this Thirteenth Swedish Congress has been the very best of all. Special testimonies of personal blessing received were abundant.

4. The evidence of the penitent form, at which 23 men and women knelt with tears and confessions and consecrations and entreaties, and rose up to praise God and go forward to serve Him in newness of life and realization of His saving Grace.

The range of topics covered by the General during these series of councils,

total officers' and soldiers' meetings and public gatherings was very extensive. In his public meetings truths about Sin and Salvation, Heaven, Hell, Repentance, Faith and Holiness came under review, and the facts forced home to the consciences in a remarkable and effective manner.

The General also reviewed his more recent campaigns in the United States, Canada and other countries in a way which delighted his own troops, gratified the friends of the Army, and brought assurance to those whose previous knowledge of the Army and its world-wide doings was limited. Referring in one meeting to the surprising growth and stability of the Army, the General said:

"The enemies of the Salvation Army in days gone by, described it as a rope of sand, and they watched to see it go to atoms; but they looked, and looked, and looked until the rope of sand became a chain of gold encircling the whole world."

They said it was 'Only a Subtle,'

and they watched to see it burst; but they looked, and looked, and looked until the so-called bubble became a solid rock upon which thousands of poor souls could stand."

In the Officers' Councils the General's addresses were expressed and received in a way which took hold of a. l. and left a mark, not only on the memory, but, I believe, on the character. The General talked not so much of a. l. methods as of the Divine laws and principles underlying all degrees of a. c. s. in God's work.

(From the report by Commissioner Howard in our British contemporary.)



The Lame Man Eyes to the Blind, and the Blind Feet to the Lame.
(See Commissioner's Article on next page.)

Chicken Coops for Harvest Festival.

CLINTON.—Good meetings, splendid crowds, devil defeated. Friday evening the band attended the lawn social held by the Methodist Church of this town. Lieut. Copman is very busy building chicken coops for H. P. scheme. We believe the Lord will reward his efforts. Praise God for victory.—Yours in the light, Ida Dezzo, Rock Cor.

LOOK OUT FOR THE VISITORS.

BRIGADIER MARSHALL.

Annapolis, August 9. Windsor, August 10. Dartmouth, August 11. Halifax 1, August 12—2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; half night of prayer from 8 to 11 p. m. Halifax 11, August 13. Halifax 1, August 14. Truro, August 15. New Glasgow, August 16. 11-Aug. 17, 2:30 p.m., officers' meeting; 8 p.m., half-night of prayer. North Sydney, August 18.

H. F.

IS COMING SOON

SET YOUR REAPING MACHINERY IN ORDER



Or, "Bear Ye One Another's Burdens."

BY FIELD COMMISSIONER MISS BOOTH.



SEA trip of some five days through waters of pearly calmness encircled by picturesque charm, brought me to my longed-for destination—the much-reported upon, spoken of and thought about town of Skagway. Stepping from the wharf over 2,000 feet in length, a primitive street leading over portions of a stony beach between fallen trees, huge logs, and large stumps, lined with many quaint buildings varying from the rustic log shanty to the more pretentious two-story dwelling introduced me to the little town which has in some few months, with the rapid growth of mining popularity, sprung from complete obscurity into world-wide renown. We pressed our way through crowds of men—chiefly young and middle-aged, although the grey-haired were by no means absent—treading the rough sidewalks hither and thither in pursuit of their business; lounging in groups around the corners indulging in lazy gossip, thronging the bar-rooms, and crowding the few pretentious looking stores, all and each either by dress, word or attitude carrying the mark that they were or had been the explorers of the Bar North. Across the street to the right, then with a shiver turn to the left we came suddenly upon a long train of mules and horses which gave all evidence that their preparations for their wondrous journey over the White Pass was fully completed. Bundles sacks and boxes were heaped upon the backs of the burdened pack animals until one questioned the possibility of their bearing burdens so great along a level road, let alone up mountain steep.

As they stood, with many I noticed their backs sunk and knees trembled beneath their heavy loads, while the weaker of the champed looking beasts lay down, seeking in the few minutes granted for their master's gossip what rest was to be found on the rough, rocky roadway until the whip of the driver gave the signal for the start of the march. There were deep wounds on three or four of the mules, results of falls or accidents, or, according to verbal report, more likely of the brutal treatment of impatient masters, who sought to exact by scourge of whip, and even chain, unreasonable service from the dumb and wronged slaves.

None with any feeling left with, which to feel could look upon these suffering animals without realizing some emotion, especially did they know of the 1,000 especially did they know of the

1,000 Carcasses of Horses

either starved or bidden to death, already strewn the one trail of the White Pass. I would like to have watched them out of sight, but my guide would not let me linger, and deep and lasting as were the impressions their wrongs and sufferings made upon my mind, I found them forgotten when confronted with the restless, disappointed and unsatisfied throng of men who passed and repassed me through the hours of that day, and crowded round me in the meeting of that

evening, and when listening to the many tales of disappointment told me in the few hours spent in that city. When nestling in my sleeping-bag on this memorable night, while the sun, choosing for its pillow the snow peak of the mountains in its sleeping flashes recalled the brightness of Jupiter and Venus, and every nook and corner of the Alaskan forest thrilled with the music of watch-night birdlings, my mind was crowded with reflections of the day, and I thought Skagway, although the gate to the gold-fields, and in this spring season abundant with wild and rustic beauty, so full of burdens. Almost every man's back had a pack on it, every animal you meet is straining muscular nerve to carry some stupendous load—everywhere you look and everywhere you go in this Alaskan city there are burdens—and further thought said the whole world is the same. Time is but the trail leading to eternity, over which the long train of generations pass; each individual found in the march with buck bent beneath a weight of some kind or other. As I write I see the changing professional panorama, men, women, and children all bearing their heavy load, and that remarkable motto found by Christ for making each burden lighter, presses its great meaning upon my heart and mind: a mass of getting your own burden carried while stretching out your hand to lift somebody else's found in the instruction, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

I find in this command of Christ's voiced by Paul, first, a forcible reminder that ALL HAVE BURDENS: otherwise the "one another" would have no meaning. These words seem to tell me that we can be quite sure that every heart is pressed with the weight of some trial or sorrow, that for the feet of all there are points of the journey which are rough and seemingly cruel to tread: into which the experience of every life "some rule must fall," some grave will be dug and the weight will have to be carried. Could we but remember this, how much more softly and kindly would our treading be through the tangled paths of time. But in the great crowd of our fellow-neighbors moving around us, many carry so bright a seeming, despite a sad reality, that their secret burden is never detected. Only the bitterness of a nature that has perhaps lost all its sweetness in grief reveals to the insight of mercy that a burden is there, too often forgetting the possibility of hidden suffering we sit in judgment harshly upon the fault, whereas did we know as Christ, Symphy's Waters would bring forth fruit out of even parched ground.

Just like that girl, whose manner so stern and cold, seemed ill to match the gentle features of her countenance. All spoke hardly—thinking rightly so—of the curt, short words of which she made use and condemned loudly her attitude. They said she always looked disagreeable—they might have said sorrowful. They said she was wrapped up in herself—they meant she never cared to talk about others. And it was only when she was in

otherwise the impossibility of carrying out the injunction to bear one another's. With some the burden comes down upon the heart, so depressing and saddening that the whole march of life becomes slow and heavy. With others it comes down upon the muscles and limbs and bones of the body in hard dully manual labor, or maybe in racking pain. With others it comes down upon the head, so crowding the brain with multitudes of perplexing thoughts that reason falters and gives way. With many it comes down upon the home driving out laughter and love and digging deep graves. With numbers it comes down upon the circumstances and the blow of prostrated business prospects, thrusts open the flood-gates of poverty and despair. So widely differing are the burdens of mankind that no pen can attempt to describe or classify them. It seems to me as though Christ looks upon this moving mass of



her coffin, one breaking heart bringing in rough wrinkled hands, a few white lines to lay on her breast that the tale was told of the deep grief which had dried up all her sweetness, taken away her very heart and at last her life. The woman whose she lodged was a Christian and always meant well, and when she heard the story she wiped away a tear as she smoothed back a curl from the marble-like brow, saying, "I wish I had thought that the poor soul might have had a hidden sorrow," and myself I think the angels wished so too, for who could say what that one sympathetic tear would have done had it been shed by one seeking to share her burden before those eyes closed forever.

Secondly, I find in this quotation of Paul's that WHILE WE ALL HAVE BURDENS TO CARRY, THEY WIDELY DIFFER IN CHARACTER.

humanity with hidden trial, secret want, cramped limbs, bent anouiders, throbbing temples, distorted reason, blighted hopes and sinking souls and devises a plan of helping all by issuing a universal command that all shall help—each man's hand is to go out in the direction of his brother's load and so each in relieving become relieved, this being possible, God having made your burden different to that of your neighbor's. There is a sense in which the blind man can lend his feet to the lame man, and the poor lame man can make his eyes see for the blind man. I knew a family years gone by, three in number—two boys and a girl—one was stone deaf, the other completely blind and a third lame; but despite these sad afflictions their home was an exceptionally happy one, and I do not know of anything that has much more impressed me in my experience than witnessing the

way each one the other.

Again, the HAVING BURDENS SHOULD BE SHARING THEM. HAVING STRENGTH CAPACITY none better can teach wounds. Show have shed the in wiping the enter into the hus just become the reason J. whole sea of full strength that being acc His back might helping us to sorrowing one

have trod. He the strongest to sent was to stones. He w outcast that H unwanted than and returned to the Bar of M His head. He in the shelter hopes that wh "Honanna," J right out in Jerusalem. He had such a was born on s deemed to dea omies were so Him to the gra and depressed d punitely, and

use the impossibility of carrying
the burden of one another's
burden comes down
the heart, so depressing and sudden-
at the whole march of life becomes
and heavy. With others it comes
upon the muscles and limbs and
of the body in hard daily manual
or maybe in racking pain. With
it comes down upon the head, so
ling the brain with multitudes of
king thoughts that reason totters
gives way. With many it comes
upon the home driving out laughter
and digging deep graves. With
ers it comes down upon the circum-
stances and the blow of prostrated busi-
ness prospects, thrusts upon the flood-
ing of poverty and despair. So widely
ing are the burdens of mankind
no pen can attempt to describe or
fy them. It seems to me as though
t looks upon this moving mass of

way each sought to supply the loss of
the other.

Again, the "one another" shows that
HAVING BURDENS OF OUR OWN
SHOULD BE NO HINDRANCE TO OUR
SHARING THOSE OF OTHERS, BUT
RATHER SHOULD INCREASE OUR
CAPACITY TO DO SO. Surely
none better than sorrow's hand
can teach how to bind its
wounds. Should not that one whose eyes
have shed the most tears be the blis-
est in wiping them. Is it not the mother
who buried her children who can best
enter into the heart-pain of the wife who
has just become a widow? Is not this
the reason Jesus came and satled the
whole sea of life's trials and tested the
full strength of every man's temptation,
that being acquainted with all our grief.
His back might go under our every load
helping us to bear it. The path of every
sorrowing circumstance His dear feet

kept." He was so lonely and burdened
in a Garden in the dark that He asked
three rough fishermen to come and watch
with Him a little. His losses were so
heavy and so great that it cost Him His
life to make possible their recovery. The
only way of redeeming the world was to
be numbered and slain with the trans-
gressors—the only way of lightening its
burden and sharing in its load.

And so I learn just because you have
had many heavy trials in your own life—
some known, and perhaps the heavier
unknown—that the very pain these have
caused you should have been the birth-
pangs of new and tender compassion for
those bearing equal distresses, and so
taught your heart to feel and lips to
speak its feeling as ought else could
never have done.

But with how many in the Christian
world around us has Sorrow's new-born
spirit been the very reverse.

would naturally suggest their ear would
have become the most sensitive to the
cry of pain from any heart, but they
are scarcely ever heard expressing sorrow
or regret for the complaints of others—
anyway, outside their own near relations
or few fond friends, or offering any sym-
pathy for their overtaxed neighbor,
who, being the widowed mother of a large
family carries upon her rounded should-
ers and sad heart the burden of bread-
winner, dress-maker and nurse, added to
the many importunate claims of mother-
hood.

I have heard so many say, who
have themselves been sufferers when told
of any trouble of another, "Well, they
should have what I have got to bear,"
never thinking, anyway, completely for-
getting that in the fulfillment of Christ's
law did they have a quick and tender ear
to the cry of another's need, how much
they might lighten the shadow across
their own path, and how greatly lighten
the burden of trial which has fallen
into their own lives. Little they might
be able to say, and a great deal less they
might be able to do, but those things
which they stretched out the farthest
have been those of deep sympathy spoken in
time, while the trial was upon me, and
maybe in simplest words—but words
telling a part of my burden had reached
another heart, and so it was not all for
me to bear. I think this must be why
"kind words can never die," because
kind words are generally sympathetic
words, and there has never yet been a
grave dug for sympathy. God thought
it

Much too Precious to Bury

There is a young man there: none
has enquired or guessed why he has
gone thinner every month for the past
six, or they might have discovered his
habilities have been steadily increasing.
Try and think early and late as he will,
he can't make ends meet. His mind is
wondered and heart sick, with the going
over and over as to how to get rid of
his debts, or how better to make the
little grocery store pay. In the church
or in the barracks he sits next to a young
fellow who has fine business prospects,
but who has just buried his wife and is
now tempted to wonder what there is in
life worth living for. Oh, what a chance
for one shoulder to get under the load of
the other shoulder, and the other shoulder
to get under the load of the one, and for
each to lighten the burden of both as
they climb the hills of time. What a
wonderful and beautiful and easy means
Heaven has devised in this great decree,
"Bless ye one another's burdens," of
lifting the shadows which rest upon the
whole world; hushing the storms which
beat around every burke; of bettering
the lot of every creature. Yes! the
Christian Church could do it, if it only
would, and instead of its people only
being so-called Christians they would be-
come in reality joint-heirs with Jesus in
redemption's great plan.

How many burdens have you shared in
and relieved within your own corps or
community? Maybe you have not been
slow to remark the falling off of a com-
rade from open-air or a soul from the
ways of righteousness and truth, and
too often have blamed such for the sin
which only your surmise has fastened
upon as an explanation; but has your
gaze been equally quick to notice the
shade upon the countenance, which clear-
ly told that the source of his joy was
gone?

The Gift of Discernment of Spirit

which comes from God does not mere-
ly detect hidden short-comings in
the souls of those around
you, but discovers the secret which
is supping the weakness and strength
from hearts and lives, which it is your
priceless privilege to alleviate, even if
you cannot heal.

You say that your own heart aches
and has more than its weight of worry
and measure of perplexity—that often
this current has been so strong that it
has well nigh swept aside your own
spirit's feet; but you have forgotten—pre-

haps never knew—that the billows of
trial can best be breasted when your
labored strokes keep pace with the diffi-
cult crossing of another, and that your
voyage through Time will be none the
slower or feebler because your weakness
is linked in sympathy and mutual help
to somebody else's care. For a burden
shared is a burden carried, and while
your consideration and concern lightens
another's care, the support of his sym-
pathy and encouragement makes less
your own.

I have had a great deal to do in the
direction of helping the Christian to
look with mercy's kindness upon the
short-comings or falling of a comrade, or
of even getting them to show sympathy
with them in their sorrow, and I must
here admit that sometimes I have been
tempted to get very tired and discour-
aged. How glad I shall be when this
burden-bearing becomes more common.
I suppose with the unusual you can't
expect it, but with the saved it ought to
be. If every Christian was to share the
burden of another, what a different
church we should have, what new co-ops,
what a strengthening of weak hands,
what a blooming in many a wilderness,
how many would get the blessing of a
clean heart who have never yet had it;
how many unkindnesses, awkwardnesses,
disagreeablenesses, sorrows and tears
would be lost. What a day for Heaven,
what a time for earth, what a racking
in Hell, just because somebody would be
entering into the particular trial and
difficulty of somebody else, and thereby
helping them up with the load, and so
fulfilling the law of Christ. Oh, can we
not start over again and freshly grasping
the hand of the One whose sobriety was
pleased with the thorns of all earthly
woes, begin to live out His grace, His
life, Himself, which would all be lived in
living out His love. Let us

Cease to Wrap our Arms Around our own Griefs

and to so concentrate all our attention
on bearing our own burdens as to give
no heed to the lifting of anyone else's.
Don't give all your life, your care, your
love, to your own children—remember
some others. Don't be so solemnly en-
grossed with your own little home as to
have no kindly thought for a dear heart
who perhaps works very near you but
has no spot worthy of that name. Don't
be so anxiously concerned as to how your
own interests are progressing as to be
unable to feel any real hurt at the down-
fall of another's. Remember the little
family of which I have spoken, and be
feet to the lame, and eyes to the blind,
despite there being some heavy loss in
your own lot, not forgetting as ye mete it
out to others, so again God has sworn
it shall be meted out to you.

Again, I see my text BEING AN IN-
JUNCTION TO ALL THAT THERE
ARE NONE WITH WHOM ITS
EXPERIENCE IS NOT POSSIBLE. To
be a great benefactor is within the reach
of every man. How often people have
said to me, "If I only had the gift of
oratory what a deal I would do in my day
and generation, and how happy I should
be," or, "If I only had vocal talent, how
I would sing His message of love into
thousands of hearts and so make a
mark with my life," or, "Had I but
the power of throwing elevated thought in
terse vocabulary through pen on to
paper, I would then leave on record inef-
fable declarations of cleansing Blood
and conquering Grace." Oh, the numbers
that travel through the long journey
from the cradle to the grave wishing that
they had just some talent which they
have not, so that they might shine and
bless. Well, it seems to me that Paul
must have had especially in his mind all
such dear desirous hearts, and steps to
the front with a great eye-opener as it
were, in this choice selection for the
meeting of all such longing. He seems
to say, "You may not be an orator, or a
singer, or a writer, or an officer, all the
same you can still do a great deal in your
day and generation. You can still swing
the masses of selfish grace into thou-
sands of hearts. You can still make a
mark which will be felt for ever."



monly with hidden trial, secret want,
moped limbs, bent shoulders, throbbing
nerves, distorted reason, blighted hopes,
a sinking soul and devises a plan of
plunging all by issuing a universal com-
mand that all shall help—such man's
end is to go out in the direction of his
other's load and so each in relieving
some relieved, this being possible, God
giving many your burden different to that
of your neighbor's. There is a sense in
which the blind man can lend his feet
to the lame man, and the poor lame man
can make his eyes see for the blind man.
How a family years gone by, three in
number—two boys and a girl—one was
one deaf, the other completely blind
and a third lame; but despite these sad
lections their home was an exception-
ally happy one, and I do not know of
anything that has much more impressed
me in my experience than witnessing the

have trod. He was once so hungry that
the strongest temptation Hell could pre-
sent was to make some bread out of
stones. He was once so much of an
outcast that He felt more unloved and
unwanted than the birds of the trees
and remarked that they had homes while
the Son of Man had not where to lay
His head. He was once so disappointed
in the chattering of His most treasured
hopes that while others were shouting
"Hosanna," Jesus was crying, and called
right out in His disappointment, "Oh,
Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how oft would I
have gathered thee, but ye would not." He
had such a poor start in life that He
was born on straw, in a stable and con-
demned to death at His birth. His en-
emies were so bitter that they pursued
Him to the grave. He was so betrayed
and depressed that he broke right down
publicly, and the Bible says, "Jesus

You would never have thought that wo-
man had buried anything, let alone stood
by the two open graves of her two child-
ren, judging from the cold way she
received the news brought to her
servant Mary in the black-edged envelope
telling her mother was dead; still less
by the impatient remark three days after-
wards, such as, "It was easier to cry than
to work," when Mary was found weeping
just at the time when she should have
had the dinner ready. Mary's mother
was all she really had to truly love her,
and it was only three days after that she
she realized she was gone. But hearts
that never share in the burdens of others
never think of these things—not even so-
called Christians.

There are these I have known who have
been sufferers—invalids, that is there has
always been some weakness or suffering
to be endured with each day's duty. One

could never stamp out. You can still write some records in ineffaceable lettering for men and angels to read. This is the way! If there is another, there is no better, or quicker, or surer. Go down your street and share your neighbor's burden.

This is the best and only way of giving practical proof of the grace of God filling your soul. What better or more convincing argument can be brought for the consciousness of your own salvation than, although burdened yourself, your hand is out to lift another's load. This is the spirit which marked Christ's great humanity, intermingling with His greater Divinity, so fitting Him to be the Saviour of a human world. I have known some people get so high up in religious things that they are like the stars, too far off the many entanglements in life's forests to be of any use to those lost in them—in fact, no one seems so blind to the real needs of the needy than they, and no sympathies are so dried up as theirs, although they may be engaged in actual Christian work. Their feet are so strong that they cannot enter into the struggles and tremblings of the weaker, and although very good at giving advice, they are very miserably bad at sharing hardships. They may be excellent preachers, but they are poor sympathizers. They are very much like Christ in saying the cross should be carried, but altogether unlike Him in helping the weak to carry it. This was not so with Jesus. He came so near all our daily perplexities that He could even enter into the awkward fevency of those responsible for the marriage feast when the wine ran short, and immediately arranged for fresh supplies, so leaving eternal proof of how His sympathies are with every tired housekeeper or mother, whose cupboard contents are inadequate to the demands of the household. This spirit of human sympathy was most manifest through His earthly career, and with Him at the very last, when hanging in helpless agony bearing the burden of the world's transgression, He remembered and felt the weight of the sorrow and desolation that was coming down upon the aching heart of His bereft mother, and amidst dying groans provided for His sharing, in asking John to take her in his mother and be unto her a son.

Oit, blessed spirit of sympathy, eloquent and precious grace, is it not so much more eloquent than words? Is it not ever so much sweeter than song? Will it not be ever so much longer lived than printed scrolls? If you have it, it will beget love for you, confidence in your religion and praise for your God.

Quicker than Ten Thousand Sermons, or Than Tons of Tracts.

Did not John say that pure and undiluted religion was to "visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction," as well as to keep oneself "unspotted from the world." Lastly, I would like to say there is a generosity about my text which strongly appeals to my heart. It has a sweeping universality about it: a gathering in of a world's crowd, an including of all. Like unto its Author, it is no respecter of person, place, or circumstance, but showing that barbed are everywhere. It says go and do the same everywhere. Any street corner will form an admirable spot to cast one of sympathy's sunbeams, any little circle a fitting occasion in which to light one of its candles. In any little home, by the side of any sick bed, with your arms around any wan child, standing by any burdened heart you will find a barren field awaiting the sowing of its seed, which when watered by ministering angels, who are ever near at hand, will spring to meet you in a land where flowers never die.

"Doctor," I said to a medical man, who leaped an anxious face over my pillow after a night of great physical pain, "Doctor, there is one great alleviator of suffering which you can carry everywhere, and take to all, rich and poor alike: it will cost you nothing and need not make the bills of your patients any heavier, but only the easier to pay and that is 'sympathy'." I said, "Don't measure it out in drops, like the medicine, but pour it out in quantities."

There is so little of it in the world that there can never be too much of it given from any heart, or too much of it thrown into any life. Take it with you to your business, carry it into the store; if the butter has been good for several weeks, tell the grocer so—there may be twenty people in that day complaining of the cheese or some other considered unsatisfactory goods. If the little frock might just as well say a word about being very pleased with it when you pay the bill—there will be several who, after having attentively gazed four times at the bill, will complain to hand over with the money, irrespective of the night-dill picked worn fingers and aching back. Go among the few who gather flowers and strew them in life. There are thousands and tens of thousands who would not on coffin this life—death,

some lifting, sharing, cheering and blessing that you have done, remembering, "HE WHICH SOWETH SPARINGLY SHALL REAP ALSO SPARINGLY; AND HE WHICH SOWETH BOUNTIFULLY SHALL REAP ALSO BOUNTIFULLY."

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS.

Captain Collier, Hamilton Shelter, 10 to be Ensign.

Captain Albee Larder, Pluton, N. S., to be Ensign.

Captain Jennings, Chatham, N. B., to be Ensign.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

Remember the Harvest Festival!



THE SECRET OF OUR SUCCESS.

IN his recent Anniversary Address in the Alexandra Palace, London, the General answers the questions as to the cause of our advance, as follows:

"What, then, has been, and still remains, the secret of our success? Do not let there be any mistake. Let me remind you of it in a few words.

"We have proclaimed to the world Salvation, immediate, for every man, by the power of God, through the Blood of Jesus Christ, if he will repent, believe and obey the Gospel, and pushed him up to accept it on the spot where we have found him.

"We have declared that the purpose for which Jesus Christ lived and died was to save men, not lived from the Hell hereafter, but from Sin, and the hell that is ever connected with sin, in this life; and to bring them, here and now, into that Kingdom of God on earth, which is not meat and drink, form and economy, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

"We have affirmed, and still affirm, that every man and woman who have been made partners of the Divine Nature by the Power of the Holy Ghost, must and will become saviours of their fellows; that if the love of Christ has been shed abroad in their hearts, they will of necessity, by the working of the Spirit of Christ within them, seek to convey to others benefits similar to those they have themselves received; and we have sought to organize them for this great warfare in the most efficient manner known to men.

"We have declared and shown that a life of Self-Denial is still the way to Victory; that the only successful follower of Christ is the man who devotes his fortune, his family, his happiness, his life to the cause of his Master and the Salvation of the dying souls around him. It might well pay every officer to learn these words off by heart, as they practically contain our 'Confession of Faith.'"

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

ACCORDING to official figures given to the public at Washington, the war between Spain and the United States has cost up to date nearly \$125,000,000; in addition to this nearly 2,000 men have been killed and wounded. The "glories of war" savour of penitence and blood, shattered bones and increased taxation. Every true Christian should desire and pray that this war may be brought to a speedy conclusion, and that in disputes among nations in the future the intelligent reasoning of an International Arbitration may take the place of the barbaric arguments of shot and shell and brutal

GREETING!

THE new Editor sends greetings to all readers of the War Cry in general, and to all contributors and Correspondents in particular. Of the former he asks a continuance of their patronage and charitable criticism of his endeavours to please a man, and of the latter he requests a continuance of their contributions and on increased interest in the welfare of the War Cry.

The Field Commissioner

WITH

CYCLISTS IN WEST ONTARIO.

(Special by Wire.)

Berlin, Ont., Aug. 2nd.

MISS BOOTH'S TOUR IMMENSE SUCCESS. SUNDAY MEETING STRATFORD UNPARALLELED. OVER ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE LISTENED TO THRILLING ONE-HOUR ADDRESS BY FIELD COMMISSIONER AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH. BARRACKS PACKED AT NIGHT. POWERFUL ADDRESS BY COMMISSIONER CARRYING SHAPES OF CONVICTION. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, BERLIN, PACKED OUT LAST NIGHT. EXTREMELY APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE. BRASS AND STRING MUSIC OF CYCLISTS HEARTILY RECEIVED. COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESS SUPERB. Major Southall.



Commissioner Coombs conducted Bratford's Anniversary Meetings in the Zoological Gardens of that city.—Several of the youth of International Headquarters are reading libraries on the model of the Chief of Staff's guidance in "Books that bless."—The Army has already raised over \$1,000 for the sufferers of the Welsh strike.—A gentleman, travelling on the top of a tram, saw an announcement that eight hundred shares were needed to float a Salvation Army Citadel Company. He had a few hundred pounds spare cash. He immediately altered his course, came into International Headquarters, bought three hundred and left with the receipt book in his pocket.



Commander Booth-Tucker visited the National Christian Endeavor Convention at Nashville. His address on Christian Heroism was received with great appreciation.—Harvest Festival celebration in the United States is fixed for September 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th.—The Consul is able to resume a portion of her Headquarters duties.—Major Milne, the Army's Philippine Major, is speeding across the ocean to Manila. Despite the stormy weather the Commander had a splendid spiritual day at the Wollaton Camp-Meeting, Ohio.



The Annual Social meeting at Cape Town, presided over by Sir James Sivewright, was a genuine success, in point of crowd, enthusiasm and financial results.—A similar demonstration is to follow at Johannesburg.—A second Night Shelter has been opened in Cape Town, more especially in view of providing for the colored poor.—A Social Firm is likely to be started at Port Elizabeth, while it is not unlikely that one will also follow at East London.—The Farm at Driefontein is to be enlarged by the taking in of the adjoining farms

estate.—Mrs. Commissioner Riddell's next Rescue tour includes the official opening of the new Rescue Home at Durban.



Colonel Jai Singh (Bulford) has issued a stirring manifesto in connection with the six months' special campaign in the North Indian Territory, which commenced on June 1st. The program includes an increase of 100 officers, an increase of 2,000 soldiers, recruits and adherents, an increase of 20 corps, the opening of two new districts, an increase of 100 in Naval and Military League membership, the opening of a Soldiers' Home in one of the largest Military districts, the regular monthly publication of the Hindi and Urdu War Cry, the reaching of the North Indian Self-Denial target of 2,000 rupees, the opening of a Rescue Home in Lahore, the reorganizing of 20 day-schools, the commissioning of 100 local officers. —Owing to the quarantine regulations concerning Bombay, Commissioner Higgins unexpectedly visited Madras, where he was received with great joy, decorated with garlands of welcome and spent a time of much spiritual and general profit.—If there was any doubt whether the people of Madras had been united by their united promise when the Army Boom march came through their village to abandon idol worship and seek the God of the Salvation Army, it was soon removed. When the door of the baptism temple was opened a mound erected by white ants five feet in height, while spiders were crossed and re-crossed the entrance to testify to the three months' dispute.



The Commandant, whose health is much improved, is making his first tour in the Northern Territory of Queensland.—A net rise of 10,000 copies per week has been recorded by the publishing department since the enlargement of the War Cry.—The Commandant addressed a large Social meeting in Fitzroy Town Hall, at which the Hon. R. W. Best, Victorian Minister for Lands, presided.—There is to be a great Social Exhibition held in the Melbourne Exhibition Buildings on July 28th.—The war in Java is advancing at great speed under Major Cummins' leadership. Numbers of Javanese and Chinese are finding salvation. Junior work is shortly to be commenced on regulation lines. The day-school already started is doing well.

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Holland's Landing, August 10; Stroud, August 11; Barrie, August 12; Collingwood, August 13; H. Russellton, August 15; Barrie, August 16; Orillia, August 17; 13; Coldwater, August 19; Midland, August 21; Tottenham, August 22; Gravenhurst, August 23; Barrie, August 24; Bricebridge, August 25, 26; Huntsville, August 27; 28; Burk's Falls, August 29; Abnott Lake, August 30; Doonchurch, August 31.

ENSIGN PERRY.—Moncton, August 11; Freepoint, August 12-15; Yarmouth, August 17-21; Clark's Harbor, August 22.

ENSIGN BIMS.—Odessa, August 16; Naperville, August 17; Deseronto, August 18; Pluton August 19, 20; Bloomfield, August 21; Trinton, August 22; Brichion, August 24; Coburg, August 25; Port Hope, August 26; Millbrook, August 27, 28; Peterboro, August 30.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.—Whitewood, August 10-12; Minnetonka, August 13-15; Nepawa, August 16-18; Winnipeg, August 19.

CAPTAIN COLLIER.—Stratford, August 13, 14; Mitchell, August 15; Huronfort, August 16; Clinton, August 17; Brnyfield, August 18, 19; Goddard, August 20, 21; Wingham, August 22, 23; Teeswater, August 24; Walkerton, August 25; Clifton, August 26; Palmerston, August 27, 28; Listowel, August 29; Drayton, August 30; Rothway, August 31.

EXCHANGE.

ANY READER WISHING TO EXCHANGE THE CANADIAN WAR CRY FOR THE AMERICAN, COMMUNICATE WITH MR. JOHN WHITEHEAD, 101 CARROLL ST., BALTIMORE, M. D.

CARLTON, I. We came determined to see the new Rescue Home at Durban. Praise God! I exceedingly kind meetings at 10. Sold 40 War Cry level best for G. Captain, L. S.

HESELER. been marching there was a big when seven of the Salvation Army the glory.—W.

LISTOWELL. head. Yesterday, Soldiers Tuesday his of the officers of night. Ten Vir good time.

INGERSOLL. led a splendid rider. Christians and one of old Me or five times—O Staff met L. O. F. Just enough. We eagerly wait to see the officers of night. Ten Vir good time.

ST. THOMAS. lips with us for all open-air and on Captain Peyton a way to bury the side.—H. Fromman.

SUDBURY.—I so a better barracks, social and music bringing a full hour a further attendance ever been known backslider. Hallelu and praying, Trize.

A WHATCOM. NEW WHATCOM. ren, farewell." So infant Barr's last com, and soon the said, and Adjutant off for New Westm with them? In the seven months to us they have end the hearts of all who months ago they bride to New What months they have holy lives that have inspiration to all who good. Their honesty merely one of ease there has been much earnest prayer and the fighting. Sometimes very gloomy and disc has blessed them and Ah, there is so much written, but some between the lines, and who knows all about it missed not to forget labor of love." The dye to Adjutant and "how-do-you-do" to Brown and their little we feel that God is with He is going to bless the a blessing to others.—E. Cor.

ST. JOHN'S. I. N. Cobb farwelled and w seeing two at the cross nearby night three n found Jesus. Thursd from one of Her Majes the meeting. We and have faith in God.—R. E. Sainsbury, Littenan

VICTORIA, B. C.—Sh doing our best, Victoria for outside attractions of circuses, it makes hard, Sunday afternoon the little son of Brother

Commissioner Ridala's
includes the official
new Rescue Home at

INDIA

Singh (Butler) has issued
in connection with
the special campaign in the
Territory, which com-
mence the 1st. The program in-
crease of 100 officers, an in-
crease of 20 corps, the in-
crease of new districts, an in-
crease of Military League
and the opening of a Soldiers'
monthly publication
and Urdu War Cry, the
the North Indian Self-Denial
100 rupees, the opening of a
in Lahore, the reorganizing
of the commissioning of
the officers, etc.—Owing to the
the regulations concerning Bom-
bom-Commissioner Higgins unexpect-
edly, where he was receiving
the officers of the Army. He
and spent a time of much
and general profit.—If there
out whether the people of
had been true to the United
the village to abandon
and seek the God of the
Army it was soon required
of the health temple
a mound erected by white
in height, while the
and re-erected the entrance
in the three months' disease.

ST. THOMAS.—Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips
with us for week-end. Good crowd
at open-air and one soul in the Fountain.
Captain Payton and myself had to go
away to bury the dead. Victory is on our
side.—H. Freeman.

INDIA

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side.—H. Freeman.

CARLTON, N. B.—Jesus lives to help.
We came determined for victory and help.
of it. One soul Sunday night.
Praise God! The people have been ex-
ceedingly kind to us. Held two open-air
meetings at Bay Shore. Good crowds.
Sold 40 War Cry. We mean to do our
level best for God and souls.—E. M. Allen,
Captain, L. Selig, L. Dunn, Lieutenants.

Embracing for Glory.
HESPELER.—Since last report we have
been marching on to victory. Last night
there was a break in the devil's ranks,
when seven young men embarked on
the Salvation boat. To God we give all
the glory.—V. H., for Captain Barker.

LISTOVILL.—We are still forging a-
head. Yesterday, a good day to our
souls. Soldiers all on fire. Monday and
Tuesday big days, having the D. O. and
the officers of the District in Tuesday
night. Ten Virginia meeting. Expect a
good time.

He Conquers His Ownself.
INGERSOLL.—Staff-Captain Phillips
had a splendid week-end fight in his
midst. Meetings in Park, good crowd,
Christians and soldiers rejoicing together.
One dear old Methodist had a word four
or five times—couldn't hold the glory.
Staff met L. O.'s and had a meeting.
winding up with a very happy hour to H.
F., just enough to whet our appetites.
We eagerly wait our target figures. Cap-
tain Blot, wife and family take a short
furlough home. God bless them!—Reg.
Cor. M. C.

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with us for week-end. Good crowd
at open-air and one soul in the Fountain.
Captain Payton and myself had to go
away to bury the dead. Victory is on our
side.—H. Freeman.

SUBURBY.—I saw the Army move into
a better barracks, hold an ice cream
social and musical salvation meeting
bringing a full house, preach Christ to
a larger attendance of ladies than has
ever been known here before, rescue a
backslider, Halliclough, J. S. S.-M.

A Warm Tribute.
NEW WHATCOM.—"And finally brethren,
farewell!" So read the text of Ad-
jutant Barr's last sermon in New What-
com, and soon the last good-bye was
said, and Adjutant and Mrs. Barr were
off for New Westminster. Sorry to part
with them? Indeed we were! For in
the seven months they have been with
us they have endeared themselves to
the hearts of all who knew them. Seven
months ago Adjutant Barr brought his
bride to New Whatcom, and for seven
months they have lived among us Godly
blessed lives that have been a blessing
and inspiration to all who are trying to be
good. Their honeymoon has not been
merely one of ease and pleasure, but
there has been much hard work, much
earnest prayer and thought and desperate
fighting. Sometimes the outlook has been
very gloomy and discouraging, but God
has blessed them and given them victory.
Ah, there is so much that might be
written, but some will know how to read
between the lines, and there is someone
who knows all about it, and who has prom-
ised not to forget "your work and
labor of love." The day we said good-
bye to Adjutant and Mrs. Barr, we said
"may-do-you-do" to Captain and Mrs.
Brown and their little family. Already
we feel that God is with them, and that
He is going to bless them and make them
a blessing to others.—Ella Atkins, Corp.
Cor.

ST. JOHN'S I. N. D.—Sunday Captain
Cobb farewelled and we had the joy of
seeing two at the cross for pardon. Wed-
nesday night three more sought and
found Jesus. Thursday night one soul
from one of Her Majesty's warships led
the meeting. We are bent on victory
and have faith in God.—A. Boggs, Ensign,
R. Sainsbury, Lieutenant.

Mutually Connected.
VICTORIA, B. C.—Still booming along
doing our best. Victory is a great place
for outside attractions—theatre, concerts,
socials, almost every night, not to speak
of cruises. It makes our work very
hard. Sunday afternoon a donation of
the little son of Brother and Sister Bent.

God bless the baby. It ought to be a
bright, muscular Salvationist. Its father
is bandmaster, its mother was a band-
woman, it has an uncle and aunt in the
band, another uncle drummer, its grand-
father is our Color-Sergeant—in all, it
has nine relations in the Victoria corps.
Keep believing. It may be a bandman
some day.—M. L.

She Went Through the Floor.
RAY ROBERTS.—Glory to God we are
moving on, although most of our com-
rades are gone away to their summer
duties, still the chariot rolls on. We had
a visit from Ensign Kenway this week.
Also Lieutenant Hildon, late of Harbor
Grace, has come to lend a helping hand
and God time on Thursday at the outpost.
One old lady danced so much that she
went through the floor, but received no
injury. Go it again, mother.—A. G.
Brown, Captain.

Social Form.—We had Brigadier
Complin and a good time on Sunday.—
Chris. C. Good.

OSHAWA. The church is working, but
we will fight and Christ shall win. In-
crease our courage, Lord. Good attend-
ance Sunday night, although the weather
was warm.—Eunle.

OTTAWA.—New officers are now in
charge, Adjutant Goodwin and Captain
Vance. Adjutant arrived on Friday. First
Sunday a blessed day. God's Spirit
was felt, people interested, and four souls

DESERONTO.—Good week-end in spite
of hot weather. Praise God! Two
precious souls in the Fountain, one of
them was never saved before. Converts
are getting along well and are working
hard for souls. We are bound to win.—
Amy Chappell, Capt., Lottie Dora, Lieut.

Tweed.—Praise God for victory! We
had a visit from Adjutant and Mrs. Mc-
Ammond and Kingston Brass Band.
Their music was much appreciated by
all. On Sunday last Lieutenant Butcher
farewelled. At the farewell meeting two
little girls (daughters) volunteered for
the service of Jesus.—Yours in the fight, Mrs.
Robinson, for Capt. Nyland.

Jesus Went to Sea with Him.
MONTREAL I.—The new officers have
arrived in camp. They are Adjutant
and Mrs. Burditt and Captain Liddell. We
had a welcome meeting on Thursday
night, and we are looking forward to a
good time, and pray that God will make
them a blessing to everyone during their
stay here. On Sunday we had Brigadier
Bennett with us and wound up at night
with three souls at the pentest form.
Tuesday night a brother who was saved
six weeks ago testified that he was well
saved. He is a sailor and has been away
on a voyage since that time. He says
God went with him.—C. Harding R. C.

CLARK'S HARBOR, N. S.—Good meet-
ings this week. Captain Fleming with
us for a few days. Sunday meetings led
by the Captain. We are believing for a

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REGINA, Assn.—Ensign Cummins, G.
B. M. Provincial Agent, was with us for
three nights. Good times, considering
the counter attractions and the very hot
weather. The lantern service, "Little
Jemie," was appreciated by all. On
Sunday after a hard fight we finished
with two souls at the Saviour's feet.
Praise God! We are believing that God
will give us the victory.—G. S. G. R. C.

Scouting in the Enemy's Country.
MINNEBODA, Man.—War in Minnedosa
and the surrounding country! Last week
I was sent by Captain to scout the coun-
try. So after travelling twelve miles I
came upon a Salvation Army fort where
I went in and took provisions both for
body and soul, then accompanied by a
comrade, we started out to visit, in
visiting all whom we came in contact with
to come up to Edward Sherris', our
chosen battle ground. Engagement
started with some talk "Nothing has this
world for me." Meeting went on. God
was present. His Spirit felt in mighty
power. Result: Four precious souls
taken prisoners, that is to say knelt at
the Mercy Seat and asked God for pardon
for past transgressions. They all rose
and testified that God had saved them.
Three of them asked if they could be-
come soldiers. May God keep them true
—Yours to fight for God and right, Lieut.
Anderson.

VALLEY CITY, N. D.—Is anything too
hard for the Lord? Sunday one captive
freed by Jesus, and Wednesday four
more had their fetters snapped. Others in
bondage. Feel the chains galling. All
glory to God.—C. Campbell, Capt., J. S.
Flaws, Lieut.

HALIFAX I.—We are having good
meetings. On Thursday night one soul,
and on Sunday night three souls. May
the Lord bless them and keep them true
and faithful, is our prayer.—Treasurer
Cusbin.

Don't Forget to Count the Children.
CALGARY.—One backslider Sunday
night found her way to the penitent
form, and we must report two good cases
of conversion among the Juniors, which
were overlooked last week.—Yours in
Jesus, Mrs. McNelly, R. C.

EDMONTON.—We are having glorious
times away up here by ourselves. God
is giving us victory in every way. We
are getting along nicely. Have got the
Seniors interested and started a Bible
Class for them. Keep on believing for
some great things from this Northern
climax.—Sgt. M. McLeod.

FARGO, N. D.—We praise God for one
soul this week. Are having blessed times,
though our crowds are small. We are
still fighting on and believing for victory.
—Matthew H. Stables, R. C.

DEVIL'S LAKE.—Halliclough! One
Soul in the Fountain Sunday; others are
deeply convicted. Large crowds and good
collections every night. Christian friends
interested in our meetings. Praise God!
—Mittie Wick, Capt., for Capt. Green.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Adjutant Mac-
Namara, with her right hand supporter,
have arrived to lead on the forces here.
The Adjutant isn't altogether a stranger.
Some time ago she visited this city and
enrolled the first lot of recruits, many of
whom came up and gave her a royal
welcome back. In spite of the intense
heat our indoor attendance is very good,
Sunday, meetings good all day. At night
the Adjutant spoke about the destruction
of Sodom and Gomorrah, and while no
visible results were seen, yet God's pres-
ence was felt. We are in to fight and
win.—Yours in the fight, Triflorin.

WINNIPEG.—We have been having
victorious times during the past week.
We had special meetings conducted by
Major McMillan, Staff-Captain Gage, with
the Life Guards Band. During their stay
a few precious souls sought and found
pardon through the Blood of Jesus. On
Friday evening a number came seeking
the blessing of a clean heart. Praise
God for completed victory! Fine men-
or meetings and good crowds. The
weather has been very warm but
God has been in our midst. We are be-
lieving for still greater victories.—Yours
for souls, Cadet Russell, for Staff Cap-
tain Galt.



(Our comrades forgot to put the S. A. Band on their caps before they had their photo taken.)

came to seek pardon. Captain Norman,
of Pembroke was present. On previous
Sunday Captain Hall, of the Rescue
Home, who has been here some time,
farewelled.—Yours, A. French.

ARNPRIOR.—Captain Sturtholm and
Lieutenant Randall are our present lead-
ers. Though the weather is very warm
we have good crowds, both inside and
out. We have not had anyone saved
lately, but the good seed is being faith-
fully sown and we are believing for a
break soon.—Yours in the war, Maggie
Campbell, Reg. Cor.

MILLBROOK.—Since last report we are
glad to say that another precious soul
sought and found salvation. Halliclough!
God has been very good to us and we are
going in for still greater things.—Yours
to fight on, C. T. Minge, Captain.

NAPANEE.—The devil is raging, but
God is on our side and we are having vic-
tory. One soul Friday night and another
Saturday night. Halliclough!—Maud Mc-
Farlane, Lieutenant.

QUEBEC.—We have had a visit from
Brigadier Bennett, which was a great
blessing to us all. We had a social on
Monday night which turned out very
successful. One more soul has professed
salvation, and so in spite of the hot weath-
er we are advancing.—Jos. Purker, En-
sign.

real revival here soon. God is with us.
Victory is sure. Halliclough! Yours
fighting for God, W. Jones, R. C.

CANANOCUE.—We had a visit from
Mrs. Wood, of India. She gave us a
lecture on the work in India, which was
very interesting. God bless her.—C. A.
Dickson, R. C., Reg. Cor.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—After over eight
months of most successful work, Captain
Trafton and Lieutenant Laws have said
good-bye. We welcome to our midst
Captain Fanny Clark and Lieutenant Mil-
ler, proving that God will use them to
lead on the work for God in our town.
Believing for glorious victories in the
future.—M. R., Reg. Cor.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Halliclough! The
devil has been defeated. Sunday night
four souls won for the Master. Ensign
Graham, our late D. O., with us for two
nights. Captain Trafton has arrived to
help on the work. Believing for greater
victory.—H. W., Reg. Cor.

KIEWATIN.—Good meetings on Sun-
day. One backslider returned to the
fold. Praise God! The people stayed to
the prayer meeting. Something they
never did before. We trust they will get
saved before long. We have Captain Ben-
Harg resting here just now. God bless
her—Yours under the Flag, J. S. S.-M.
Mrs. Flaws.

EXCHANGE.

NY READER WISHING TO EX-
CHANGE THE CANADIAN CRY FOR
AN AMERICAN, COMMUNICATE
TH MR. JOHN WEITZEL, 101
RHOL ST., BALTIMORE, M. D.

UNDAUNTED STILL!

Two Hundred and Nineteen Hustlers Brave the Heat—Bennett Breaks the Tape, Well Ahead—Hargrave Second—Minnies Third.

EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 51. — Sales, 2,286.

Sergt. Duddley, Ottawa (av. 2 wks) ... 200
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans ... 169
Lieut. Lattimer, Brockville ... 135
Capt. McManney, Newport (av. 2 wks) ... 124

Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt. ... 110

Capt. McIntyre, Gananoque ... 95

Lieut. Tuck, Montreal ... 88

Lieut. McFarlane, Niagara ... 70

Capt. French, Peterboro ... 65

Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Picton ... 65

Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall ... 62

Mrs. Fulford, Algonquin ... 60

Lieut. Ernest Owen, Kemptville ... 55

Bro. Rogers, Montreal ... 50

Mrs. McEwen, Amherst ... 48

Capt. Connors, Port Hope ... 40

Lieut. Crego, St. Albans ... 40

Mrs. Chas. Hornback, Cobourg ... 40

Capt. Chappell, Deseronto ... 40

Capt. Vance, Ottawa ... 35

Sergt. Adjt. Bradley, Cornwall ... 35

Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall ... 35

Lieut. Chas. Dora, Deseronto ... 35

Sister Hamilton, Ottawa ... 32

Sister Yake, Ottawa ... 32

Capt. Williams, Port Hope ... 32

Bro. Chas. Hargrave, Montreal ... 30

Mother Lewis, Montreal ... 30

Sister Chillingworth, Montreal ... 30

Sister Smith, Peterboro ... 30

Sister Crozier, Montreal ... 30

Capt. Liddell, Montreal ... 30

Sister Riches, Montreal ... 30

Ensign Kendall, Cobourg ... 30

Sister Libby, Orono, N.S. ... 30

Sergt. Mary White, Brockville ... 30

Ida Fulford, Brockville ... 30

Sister Ada Hynes, Napanee ... 30

Mrs. Lewis, Napanee ... 30

Capt. Hoyle, Montreal ... 30

Mrs. Wright, Peterboro ... 30

Ensign Burrows, Brockville ... 30

Sister McKee, Peterboro ... 30

Mrs. Sturmy, Picton ... 30

Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro ... 30

Capt. Crego, Sanbury (av. 2 wks) ... 30

Mrs. Comstock, Peterboro ... 30

Mrs. Hubble, Peterboro ... 30

Sister Lydia Phelps, Picton ... 30

Mrs. Juby, Picton ... 30

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Southern Section.

Hustlers, 32. — Sales, 1,257.

Sister Correll, Temple ... 75

Sister Metcalf, Temple ... 70

Lieut. Wade, Riverside ... 60

Bro. Young, Temple ... 60

Sister Pearce, Temple ... 60

Capt. J. E. Stiller, Riverside ... 45

Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton ... 42

Sergt.-Major Bowers, Ligar ... 42

Ensign Savage, St. Catharines ... 42

Capt. Jones, Brimston ... 37

Father Dixoo, Temple ... 37

Sergt.-Major Bowber, Ligar ... 35

Capt. Brant, Dovercourt ... 35

Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines ... 34

Cadet Craig, Lippincott ... 33

Cadet Howcroft, Lippincott ... 33

Cadet Stickle, Lippincott ... 33

Sergt.-Major Beall, St. Catharines ... 33

Sergt. Small, St. Catharines ... 33

Ensign Cameron, Riverside ... 33

Cadet Liddell, Lippincott ... 33

Mrs. Glicks, Yorkville ... 33

Chas. C. Goodie, Social Farm ... 33

Sergt. May Donaldson, Ligar ... 33

Sergt. Minnie Stickle, Ligar ... 33

Sergt. Wm. Stevens, Riverside ... 33

Cadet Horwood, Lippincott ... 33

Adjt. Wiggins, Ligar ... 33

Mrs. Davey, Ballou ... 33

Sister Price, Dovercourt ... 33

Cand. Lambert, Temple ... 33

Cadet Cook, Lippincott ... 33

Cadet Crawford, Lippincott ... 33

Mrs. Moore, Yorkville ... 33

Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville ... 33

Sister McQuinn, Temple ... 33

Sister Harvey, Temple ... 33

Sister Garvey, Temple ... 33

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

Northern Section.

Hustlers, 33. — Sales, 1,215.

Lieut. Dulce, Newmarket ... 75

Sister Ida Penock, Barrie ... 65

Ensign N. E. Smith, Owen Sound ... 65

Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound (av. 2 wks) ... 65

Lieut. Capper, Barrie ... 61

Lieut. Oser, Aurora ... 60

Lieut. Russell, Collingwood (av. 2 wks) ... 60

Capt. McCann, North Bay ... 50

Capt. Clink, Collingwood (av. 2 wks) ... 49

Capt. Charlton, Barry Sound ... 40

Lieut. Matthews, Sudbury ... 40

Lieut. Mainland, North Bay ... 37

Lieut. Marshall, Napanee (av. 2 wks) ... 37

Capt. O'Neil, Huntsville ... 35

Bro. Calvert, Brucebridge ... 39

Capt. Mitchell, Chesley ... 39

Lieut. Fuxton, Oranville ... 39

Capt. Cremer, Midland ... 37

Mrs. Ensign Attwell, Orillia ... 26

Capt. Nelson, Oranville ... 26

Lieut. Fell, Stroud ... 25

Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge (av. 2 wks) ... 25

Lieut. Fisher, Uxbridge (av. 2 wks) ... 25

S.-M. Menzies, Fenelon Falls ... 25

Sister Rossy, Newmarket ... 25

Capt. McDougall, Orillia ... 24

Mrs. Howard, Collingwood (av. 2 wks) ... 24

Capt. Darraek, Ahme Harbor ... 24

Sergt. Jos. Gray, Midland ... 23

Capt. Glass, Barry Sound ... 20

W. C. Sergt. Welch, Fenelon Falls ... 20

Sister Courtneidge, Norham ... 20

Adjt. Moore, Brucebridge ... 20

Sister Mrs. Langrage, Huntsville ... 15

Sister Nora Elery, Fenelon Falls ... 15

Bro. Archie Bowers, Cobocok ... 15

Capt. Wiseman, Faversham ... 15

Lieut. Bloss, Faversham ... 15

WEST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 37. — Sales, 1,550.

Capt. Hellman, London ... 250

Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock ... 210

Adjt. Coombs, London ... 100

Capt. Slote, Ingersoll ... 100

Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia ... 70

Capt. Mathers, Sarnia ... 65

Lieut. Hockin, Goderich ... 65

Lieut. Mumford, Palmerston ... 65

S.-M. Mrs. Rock, Chatham ... 65

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich ... 60

Sister Gerie Yeomans, Chatham ... 60

Ensign Ottaway, Petrolia ... 60

Capt. Huntington, Strathroy ... 54

Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas ... 54

Cadet Hart, Wingham (av. 2 wks) ... 54

Auntie Wright, Ingersoll ... 50

Capt. Coe, Petrolia ... 45

Sergt. Ditts, London ... 44

Capt. Campbell, Kentville ... 25

Capt. G. P. Thompson, Halifax ... 25

Capt. Lorimer, Liverpool ... 25

Mrs. H. Balem, Halifax ... 25

Sister Blanche Ferguson, Halifax ... 25

Sister Carrie Conrad, Halifax ... 25

Sergt. McCrae, Woodstock ... 25

Bro. Seymour, Liverpool ... 25

Sergt. Vandine, Woodstock ... 25

Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin ... 25

Bro. Harry Balem, Halifax ... 25

Sister Rose Wrigley, Halifax ... 25

Sister Maggie Graham, Halifax ... 25

Sergt. Eliza Kent, Bear River ... 25

Lieut. Annie Melvor, Sussex ... 25

NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 12. — Sales, 255.

Lieut. Brander, Grafton (av. 2 wks) ... 67

Sergt. McLeod, Edmonton ... 60

Lieut. Anderson, Minnedosa ... 44

Sergt.-Major Brander, Larimore (av. 2 wks) ... 44

Caud. Minnie Hoepfner, Valley City (av. 2 wks) ... 30

Capt. Patterson, Grafton ... 30

Capt. Ferguson, Edmonton ... 27

Cand. McRea, Minnedosa ... 18

Sarah Craswall, Valley City ... 24

Capt. Campbell, Valley City ... 24

J. S. Sergt.-Major Walker, Valley City ... 20

Lieut. Flaws, Valley City ... 17

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 6. — Sales, 420.

Mrs. Lewis, Victoria ... 115

Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Victoria ... 100

Lieut. Wainth, Billings ... 70

Capt. Bowers, Billings ... 65

Lieut. Noble, Knsle ... 65

Capt. Quant, Kaslo ... 65

The Topic of the Week.

While Bennett has certainly done voluntarily with his undaunted hustlers this week, and Hargrave has done well in securing second place, yet unquestionably the most striking feature of this week's



ADJUTANT HENDRICKS AND GRY BRIGADE, OF WINDSOR, N.S.

Lieut. Copeman, Clinton ... 42

Lieut. F. Hodgson, Strathroy ... 38

Lieut. Balrd, Listowel ... 35

Lieut. Gatzke, Simcoe (av. 2 wks) ... 33

Mrs. Gilmore, Simcoe (av. 2 wks) ... 32

Sister Mary Fitchley, Listowel ... 30

Ensign Rayner, Paris ... 30

Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas ... 27

Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas ... 27

Sergt. Palmer, London ... 25

Capt. Howcroft, Goderich ... 25

W. C. S.-M. Flora Cook, Clinton ... 24

Sister Grace Carr, Chatham ... 21

Bro. Corry, Petrolia ... 20

Lieut. Carr, Paris ... 17

Capt. Young, Chatham ... 16

Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia ... 15

Sergt. Harris, London ... 15

Mrs. Hockings, St. Thomas ... 15

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 38. — Sales, 1,550.

Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown ... 215

Yona, Halifax ... 194

J. S. Sergt. Chas. Waughan, Charlottetown ... 92

Mrs. Adjt. McMillan, Halifax ... 70

Capt. Hayman, Halifax ... 70

Sister Annie Ramey, Bridgeville (av. 2 wks) ... 70

Capt. Wilson, Sydney Mines ... 70

Capt. Piercy, Houlton ... 70

Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock ... 60

Lieut. Hudson, Chatham ... 60

Capt. Jennings, Chatham ... 60

Lieut. Gray, Houlton ... 40

Bro. Goo. Wambolt, Halifax ... 40

Lieut. Selig, Carleton (av. 2 wks) ... 35

Capt. Jennings, Chatham ... 35

Lieut. Green, St. John ... 30

Capt. J. W. Clark, St. John ... 30

Mother England, Chatham ... 30

Lieut. Dur Carleton ... 29

Lieut. Held, Kentville ... 26

facts and figures is the position secured by Minnie, of the Northern Section.

For weeks and months past that hardly son of Scotia has had to content himself with but a low place on our list of Provincial hustlings. True, last week he gave honorable notice of his desperate intentions, but to tell the truth (as F. P. always endeavors to do) the notice was scarce taken seriously.

But it has really come to pass, he really meant business, even down to the ice cream soda, and this week it is an accomplished fact. It took him a long time to move, but move he has at last.

THE COCK OF THE NORTH.

"Men of the Gordons, your General says that ridge must be taken. The Gordon Highlanders will take it." A cheer—a wild shriek of the pipes—a dash—and Dargal Ridge is captured. Bring out the pipes again. Now hold fast. Stay—wait a moment while I get another bundle of Crys! Now then, the "Cock of the North," or the "Hea of the South," anything you like while I—Where am I? Where am I at? Surely this can't be Dargal? Ah, no! It's the old deck after all and I'm still F. P. (F. P.'s patriotic spark is snuffed out.)

But our hero is leaving this battlefield and the forces of the Northern and Southern Sections will unite again. My, what will Bennett and Southall do then?

A new name will soon grace our hustling columns, that of Brigadier Gaskin, of the Central Province. Let F. P. just give his old friends a quiet "Up." Once

A. G. gets firmly into the saddle, you will need to get all you can, and hold all you get. Forewarned is forearmed.

We are glad to produce the photo of Adjutant Hendricks and her hustling brigade, of Windsor, N.

A Newfoundland District Officer's Journeyings.

I started for my first tour around this District on July 1st. Arrived Saturday in Musgrave Town. Found the Officers all smiling and preparing for Sunday, but some tea and was off to the meeting.

Sunday morning found us at our post at seven. Meetings all day a blessing. The night's meeting shall never be forgotten by some of us. Twenty of the male soldiers who were ready to leave for the fishery the following week, stood and sang together. "Shall we meet beyond the river."

Reached Charlottetown on Monday. Had a meeting at night, sold some books, talked with a Candidate, left early next morning, as I had to row seven miles alone in a small boat, lashed to me in order to catch the train for Clarendville. My hands were blistered and bleeding, yet this is not much to one who is interested in the war.

At Clarendville I found Captain Moulton at the station to welcome me. We spent a profitable time together.

Next is Robinson's Bay. The first canoe to reach it was by Uncle Joe Tilley, who was going a long way from home for a load of cupling, so the Captain and I jumped on board of the little vessel "Annie Jane." We met Lieutenant Pollett on the fishing ground with a pair of oil paints and two lines over the side of his boat and quite a number of fish on board. He was very kind to see us. There are only a few people here, but they look well to their officers' needs. God bless them. A meeting at night, a small congregation but a big blessing, and off again next day with the "Annie Jane." The dear old man trusted us kindly, gave us fish and pork for dinner, and anchored

in a smooth place while we ate it, on account of the water being boisterous. Uncle Joe and wife are a father and mother to all officers; their children and grand-children are nearly all soldiers.

Monday, July 11th, Captain Morton and a Mr. Pittman, brother of Captain Pittman, brought me in a small boat thirty miles and landed me within nine miles of Trinity. I spent the next day in Trinity, also part of the night. Held meeting there and boarded the steamer for Clarendville. There I found the officers in good spirits and spent a day with them. That night in the room adjoining the one in which I slept death claimed a woman for its prey. This again reminded me of the fact that "It is appointed unto man once to die and after death the judgment."

Praise God, if it was me, I was ready. On my way home next day I met an old man on the street, had a talk with him, got him down on his knees and prayed with him. Arrived home to find the Captain well and six souls saved while away. To God be all the glory! We are believing and praying for many more.

Altogether I travelled one hundred and eighty miles, this is the extent of this District, visited six corps and an outpost, conducted fourteen meetings, five Candidates were linked with, four Sergeants commissioned, one sent away, and many other things attended to.

In finishing up I will just say on the whole I am more than delighted to see the spirit of unity that exists in our District.

—J. Gosling.

The Jews are now flocking back to Jerusalem in great numbers, says the Pall Mall Gazette, and if the influx is maintained it will become again a city of Jews. The Jews are chiefly of German extraction.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

Lame feet may tread the right road.

No man is a whole man till he is a holy man.

The bone of contention is generally the jawbone.

Improve your time, for it will only be yours for a time.

Prayer is not measured by its extent, but by its content.

Better have a bad sole to your boot than a bad soul to your body.

The best way to be true to life is to live a life of truth.

Never be in a place where religion would be out of place.

God never made a promise that was too good to be true.

Don't attempt to B sharp or B flat, but simply B natural.

Truthful boys are the timber that great men are made of.

Never say you have done your best till you have tried again.

Take one step with the devil and you are in for a long walk.

It is generally other people who profit by our bitter experiences.

When the public-house goes the devil will not have long to stay.

It is not by the grey of the hair that one knows the age of the heart.

It is only the lack of means that saves some people from being mean.

A man's credit is getting very low when he can't even borrow trouble.

OUR PLATFORM.

Thain Davidson Paints a Picture for the Times on Mammonism.

YOUNG MEN, BEWARE!

* * * Here, for example, is a young man just commencing business. His aim is a laudable one—to earn a living for himself; and his full intention is to do so only by fair and legitimate means.

Gradually his business grows in his hands, and demands more and more of his time and attention. Success attends his efforts; he is astonished at his own good fortune; and presently he begins to find that he is actually becoming wealthy. Does this satisfy him? By no means. Success only stirs up new desires, engenders new ambitions. Now he dreams of leaping up to a higher social position altogether, and living in a style that his parents would have called princely. As his business develops and his connections extend, so his cares multiply, and he becomes more entirely absorbed with matters commercial and financial.

The Thirst for Wealth Increases.

The world tightens its grasp on him every day, till he has no time and no inclination to think of anything else. He has now become a thorough worldling. He feels, he thinks, he dreams, he talks of nothing but business, and stocks, and markets, and property, and things material.

Not that he is necessarily a miser or miserlike. The mammonist must not be mistaken for the miser. He may be open, generous, and kind; but—his every thought is steeped in carnalities. Conscience is asleep; the moral faculty is dormant; the heart is shrivelling up; the man has no more religion than a dog; he lives as if death were a hundred years off, and, when it comes, will be the end of him.

This is no extravagant picture. I am sketching no fanciful character. It is precisely the direction in which hundreds of young men are drifting who are outwardly correct and respectable.

They are not addicted to open vice; they are innocent of drinking and gambling, and licentiousness, and profanity, and avowed infidelity; but—they are given up to mammonism.

Again and again has it been observed that hoarded money seems to have a curse resting on it, either for him who piled it up or for those who inherit it. If God gives you money in heaven, He means you to do all the good you can with it, and to do it whilst you live; not to leave it to be divided when you die. Men have no right to hoard big fortunes; if God enables them to make them, He intends that they should spend them, affording the largest amount of happiness; and only thus will the owners find them a blessing.—Thain Davidson, D. D.

SOLO.

To the Judgment You Must Go.

By COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tunes.—To the uttermost He saves; or, There is sweet rest in heaven.

Will you just give attention
And listen now to me?
This all-important question
Demands much thought of thee.
Oh, sinner, heed the warning
That God has often given.
To you soon death is coming,
'Twill then be Hell or Heaven!

Chorus.

To the Judgment you must go!
To the Judgment you must go!
For that day prepare, it will soon be here!
To the Judgment you must go!

To die without a Saviour,
Oh, what a solemn day!
To die without His favour,
'Twill be too late to pray.
To die, sins not forgiven—
The record of the past!
You will from God be driven,
And from His presence cast!

To worlds beyond you're passing,
Earth joys will not last long,
Your death-bell will be tolling,
And you to Judgment gone!
What there will be the sentence,
'Depart!' or His "Well done?"
Oh, may it be the welcome
"Into My Kingdom come!"

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.



BOOM THE CRY.

mf. Not too fast.

1. I met a little Army Lass, with sunshine in her

2. God bless thee little Army Lass, and keep thee saved and

face: On her red jersey worked in gold "A

True, To wage the fight for God and Right, 'neath

Sin-ner Saved by Grace! Her bunch of 'CRYS' be-

Yel-low, Red and Blue! The Ho-ly Fire fly

'neath her arm, she braved the 'but a throng with purpose high, to

heart in - spire, the BLOOD keep clean and strong, as pure and sweet you

BOOM THE CRY, and PUSH THE WAR A-LONG!!

march the sheet, and PUSH THE WAR A-LONG!!

CHORUS—

We're marching on the Narrow Way where no ill thing can come, be-fore us lie the Pearly Gates of

our eternal Home, where Jesus stands with beck'ning hands, and gently whispers "Come".

**Make Me Clean.**

Tune.—Cleansing for me.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, I'm coming to Thee,
Lord, make me clean!
Weakness and failure in Thy light I see,
Lord, make me clean!
Calvary's Pinnacle in open and wide,
Gushing, dear Saviour, from Thy wound-
ed side,
By faith I plunge in its soul-cleansing
tide,
Lord, make me clean!

Filled with Thy love and made strong
by Thy grace,
I shall go through!
The cross with its sorrows I gladly en-
dure,
I shall go through!

Heating the pain of a conqueror here,
Fighting the fight with my Jesus so near,
Guns and I hasten my comrades to cheer,
I shall go through!

Filled with compassion, the host I shall
win,
Souls shall be saved!
Heating and tidings salvation from sin,
Souls shall be saved!
Jesus, my Saviour, let Thy Spirit bless,
Restless I rush to the battle for this,
Guns and I hasten my comrades to cheer,
Souls shall be saved!

Fight Everywhere.

Tune.—The realm of the blessed (B.J. 22, 1).

2 Who'll fight for the Lord every-
where,
Till we march by the river of light,
Where the Lamb leads His hosts free
from cure,
All clothed in their garments of white?

Chorus.

Everywhere: who'll fight for the Lord
everywhere?

Oh, think of the floods everywhere,
Who on man's ruined nature have trod,
Of the curses that breathe on the air,
From souls wandering far from their
God.

Oh, Saviour, lead me everywhere,
Till each sin-burdened soul knows Thy
rest,
Till the pax from the mighty we fear,
And our country with Thy peace is
blest.

I'll fight for the Lord everywhere,
For the Lamb's need I can see,
Many die: in sin everywhere,
My Jesus alone can set free.

Well Done!

Tune. Sweet rest in heaven (B.J. 274).

3 Cheer, comrades, cheer, we're win-
ning,
The fight will not last long:
King Jesus is our Captain,
He leads the fighting throng:
We're nearing death's deep river,
But shall sail safely o'er,
We'll then shout "Hallelujah!"
On happy Canaan's shore.

Chorus.

The "Well done!" is given,
The "Well done!" is given,
To the soldiers brave
Who do others save
The "Well done!" shall be given.

Though prisons are before us,
And they trials come,
Enduring hardships bravely,
We'll say, "The will be done!"
On earth we've toiled and toiled,
But there, forever blessed,
We'll enter shining portals
And take eternal rest.

Our joys will last forever,
The music ne'er give o'er:
With song and shouts they welcome
The faithful to that shore,
We'll louder sing than ever,
As at His feet we fall:
We'll cast our crowns before Him
And crown Him Lord of all.

Colonel Lawley.

O Lord, I Come!

Tunes.—Stella B.J. 25, 3; Eaton (B.J. 167); Monmouth (B.J. 222); Sovereignty (B.J. 220).

4 O Lord, I bring myself to Thee,
I cannot, would not, be my own;
Take Thou my heart, my life, my all,
That I may live for Thee alone.
Oh, sanctify while at Thy throne,
Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Lord, purify my every thought,
And let my will be one with Thine;
Illuminate my soul with love
That through earth's deepening gloom
may shine.
Oh, sanctify while at Thy throne,
Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Oh, may my every action prove
That I, my Lord, with Thee am one!

And may I ever, ever say,
"Thy will, not mine, in me be done."
Oh, sanctify while at Thy throne,
Accept and seal me for Thine own.

Delays are Dangerous.

Tune.—Why not to-night (B.J. 131, S.M., I. 220).

5 Oh, do not let the word depart,
Or close thine eyes against the
light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time!—oh, then, be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Our God to ply fingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun;
Thou wouldst be saved—why not to-
night?

Jesus Calls Thee Home.

Tune.—Calling for the wanderer home (B.J. 33, F.S. 33).

6 Jesus stands and knocks and pleads,
Calling for the wanderer home;
And for sinners intercedes,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Chorus.

Boundless love beyond degree,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Jesus longs to set you free,
Calling for the wanderer home.

As a lamb to slaughter led,
Calling for the wanderer home;
On the cross His blood was shed,
Calling for the wanderer home.

He has often called before,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Now He's waiting at the door,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Come, oh, come, while yet He stands,
Calling for the wanderer home;
While in love He spreads His hands,
Calling for the wanderer home.

Soon His mercy will be o'er,
Calling for the wanderer home;
Thou shalt hear His voice no more,
Calling for the wanderer home.

CHORUSES FOR TESTIMONY MEETINGS.

(Key of G.)
I'm on my journey up Zion's hill,
All the way long it is Jesus!
The way grows brighter and brighter
still,
All the way long it is Jesus!

Down where the living waters flow,
Down where the tree of life doth grow,
I'm living in the light, for God and souls
I fight,
Down where the living waters flow.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first
saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled
away;
It was there, by faith, I received my
sight,
And now I'm happy all the day.

Victory for me through the blood of
Christ my Saviour,
Victory for me through the precious
blood;
No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God look down with glory crown
Our conquering band.

Jesus came with peace to me,
His strong arm was stretched to me,
And my burden took from me,
My Saviour.

In the cross, in the cross,
I will glory ever,
Till the lost of every land
Find the cleansing river.

I am going to wear a crown,
To wear a starry crown;
Away over Jordan with my blessed Jesus,
Away over Jordan to wear a starry
crown.

Gone is my burden, He's rolled it away,
Opened my eyes to the light of the day,
Now in the fullness of joy I can say,
I'm happy, oh, happy in Jesus.

Happy on the way, happy on the way,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

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